

WESSEX



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of the Movement for a
University of Wessex

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NOTICES

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CONTRIBUTIONS consisting of Articles, Stories, Poems or Drawings should be sent to the Editor, Professor V. DE S. PINTO, University College, Southampton. They should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. All MSS. should be typewritten. Neither the Editor nor the University College are responsible for opinions expressed in signed articles or reviews.

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Wessex

An Annual Record of the Movement for
a University of Wessex

VOL. II No. 1

1ST JUNE, 1931

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

1930-31.

A SURVEY

THE new Hall of Residence for Women Students at Highfield, described in the last number of *Wessex*, was opened by H.R.H. the Duke of York, on July 1st, 1930.

The weather was good, and the ceremony was attended by a large and distinguished audience, numbering about 1,300 persons. His Royal Highness inspected the new building, and graciously expressed his admiration of its design and equipment. After the ceremony the guests adjourned to a garden party in the grounds of South Stoneham House.

The new Men's Hall of Residence at South Stoneham is now also nearing completion. It is hoped that a full description of it will be included in next year's issue. It will house 135 men students, and will be one of the best equipped Halls of Residence in any modern English University institution.

Other additions to the College buildings include the new Zoological Block, which is now completed and in full use, and the new lecture rooms and offices in the main building.

The utmost economy compatible with efficiency has been exercised in the design and construction of these new buildings. The new portion of the main building has been erected for the very modest cost of less than £3,000.

* * * * *

The most urgent need of the College at present is for a Library. A Library is the very soul of a University, and the University Grants Committee, in its recent report, lays the greatest stress on the necessity of adequate library facilities for every University Institution. In view of the needs of this College the Committee gave it a special grant of £1,000 for the purchase of books. At present, in spite of the fact that the College possesses about 50,000 volumes, it has no adequate building in which to house them, and

WESSEX

they have to be scattered throughout various rooms and huts. The absence of a proper library limits very considerably the facilities for students for working on their own account, and it make the task of organizing studies on a satisfactory basis extremely difficult. The first essential in the education of a University student is the proper use of a library to enable him to find the right books, and to study them in the right way. That aim can only be achieved in a very limited degree in an institution which has no adequate library building. It is to be hoped that the generosity of some kind donor will soon end this state of affairs, and provide University College with the necessary funds to erect a library building, and equip it in a way which will be worthy of a University of Wessex.

* * * * *

The University Grants Committee which visited the College last year, in reviewing its annual grants to the various Universities and University Colleges, has decided that for the next five years the Annual Treasury Grant to University College, Southampton, shall be £15,000. This sum represents an increase of £4,000 on the grant paid during the last five years, and it is a solid recognition of the increasing importance of the work that is being done.

* * * * *

The University College began the Session with a very large increase in the number of its students. Approximately there are now 600 day students, of whom 474 are taking full-time courses. Accommodation was taxed to the utmost limits, but the skilful organization of the Registrar overcame many difficulties, and the situation was somewhat eased after Christmas by the completion of the new lecture rooms in the main block. No less than 338 of the 474 full-time day students are in residence. Thanks to the completion of the new Highfield Hall, the accommodation of the women was comparatively easy, but it was a matter of some difficulty to find room for all the men. An emergency number of 112 was housed at South Stoneham, and accommodation for about 100 was found at South Hill and elsewhere. The necessity of the new Men's Hall of Residence, now approaching completion, is therefore obvious. The accepted policy of the Council is to develop the College as a residential University Institution, and the healthy corporate life of the Halls of Residence is a contribution of the highest value to the well-being of the College as a whole.

* * * * *

Dr. C. G. Montefiore, D.D., D.Litt., President of the Council University College, Southampton, has been awarded the British Academy Medal for Biblical Studies. This award was made for his *Hibbert Lectures, Judaism and St. Paul, Commentary on the Synoptic Gospels*, and other important works tending to the elucidation of Rabbinical religion and its relations to the Old and New Testament. Dr. Montefiore's latest work, *Rabbinic Literature and Gospel Teachings* is reviewed by the Rev. R. Martin-Pope in this issue of *Wessex*.

Professor C. K. Ingold, D.Sc., F.R.S., a former student of the Chemistry Department of this College has been appointed Professor of Organic Chemistry at University College, London. Professor Ingold has had a distinguished career, and has held the Chair of Chemistry at the University of Leeds for several years.

Dr. S. J. Crawford, M.A., D.Phil., Head of the Department of English Literature and Comparative Philology, at the request of the Academic Council of the University of London has delivered a special course of three lectures at University College, London,

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

on 'The Influence of Anglo-Saxon England upon Continental History in the Eighth Century'. These lectures are designed for the advanced students of the University, and for this purpose distinguished scholars are always selected. The last lecturer was Dr. J. de Fries of Leyden. Dr. Crawford's lectures were attended by large and distinguished audiences.

Dr. A. I. Vogel, D.Sc., A.I.C., D.I.C., of the Department of Chemistry, has received a grant of £50 from the Royal Society, and grants amounting to £35 from the Chemical Society and the University of London, to assist him in providing the apparatus and materials required for his research work. These grants form a valuable recognition of the importance of the research which Dr. Vogel is now carrying out.

Dr. H. H. Hatt, Ph.D., who was a research student in the Department of Chemistry at this College, has been appointed Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator at the East London College in the University of London.

Mr. E. J. Rackham, a classical scholar of this College, has been awarded the Granville Scholarship, by University College, London, which he is holding while remaining a student at University College, Southampton.

Mr. E. S. Charlton, an Honours student of the Departments of English Literature and Language, has been awarded a post-graduate scholarship of £250 for Amherst College, U.S.A., for the Session 1931-1932.

The Dante Prize, given by Dr. S. Gurney-Dixon, has been awarded for the first time this year. The successful candidate was Miss D. M. Marshall, B.A., a student who took a First Class in English Language and Literature last summer. The subject of Miss Marshall's essay was 'Dante and the Idea of Courtly Love'.

The Gladstone Memorial Prize was awarded to Mr. C. C. Crews, for an essay on 'The Foreign Policy of Palmerston'.

* * * * *

The College is losing the services of two senior Members of the Teaching Staff at the end of this Session.

Professor J. Eustice, B.Sc., A.R.S.M., A.M.I.C.E., Vice-Principal and Head of the Department of Engineering, is retiring after thirty-eight years spent in the service of the College. Professor Eustice has earned the gratitude and affection of his numerous colleagues and a great host of past and present students. Many distinguished engineers, such as Major Sir John Butters, C.M.G., M.B.E., the designer of Canberra, the Federal Capital of Australia, are among his former pupils. He has been closely identified for many years with the Evening Work of the College and the high efficiency of the Evening Classes is mainly due to his able supervision.

Miss E. R. Aubrey, M.A., Senior Women Lecturer, Warden of Women Students, and Lecturer in English Literature, is also retiring. Miss Aubrey has taught in University College, Southampton, since 1896. She was Warden of Highfield Hall since its inauguration till the end of Session 1929-30. The present high efficiency and vigorous corporate life of the Hall are to a large extent the results of Miss Aubrey's valuable work. She will be remembered with gratitude by the large number of women students who have benefited by her influence and advice at Highfield Hall, and by numerous students of both sexes who have attended her lectures in the Department of English Literature.

Mr. W. A. Laidlaw, M.A., Assistant Lecturer in Classics, resigned at Easter, on his promotion to the post of Lecturer in Classics at the University of St. Andrews. He has been succeeded by Miss N. M. Holley, B.A.

WESSEX

Wing-Commander Cave-Browne-Cave, famous for his war services in connection with aviation, and his work as designer of aircraft, has been appointed to the Chair of Engineering, in succession to Professor Bustice. Commander Cave-Browne-Cave gives his views on the important problem of the development of the engineering side of the College, in an article which we print in this number of *Wessex*.

Student activities during the Session include the annual Inter-Varsity Debate on February 13th, 1931, in which representatives of the student bodies of eight University Institutions took part.

The visitors were entertained at a dinner given by the Students' Council after the debate, and many of them attended a dance held on the evening of February 14th.

The annual production of the Students' Operatic Society was 'The Gondoliers', which was performed before large audiences on March 5th, 6th, and 7th. This production reached, perhaps, the highest level of excellence of any performance hitherto given by the Society. The work of the chorus and the orchestra in particular was very notable, and reflects the highest credit both on the performers and upon Mr. D. Cecil Williams, who directed the orchestra, and Mr. England, who acted as producer.

* * * * *

Two students of University College, Southampton, Mr. F. Knibbs and Mr. E. D. Sebborn, were among the representatives of the British Universities at the International University Athletic Contests held at Darmstadt, Germany, in July, 1930.

The newly established Rowing Club has developed very considerably, and the College has now two first class 'fours' on the river, which have accounted for themselves satisfactorily in several races. An 'eight' has been started this term, and went to Bristol for its first race with Bristol University eight. It lost the race by one and a half lengths, after putting up a excellent fight and keeping close to its opponents over most of the course.

A new 'light ship' has been presented to the Club by the Lady Margaret Boat Club of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Thanks to the generosity of an anonymous donor, a long-felt need of the students has at last been met by the erection of a fine new pavilion on the Athletic Grounds.

The pavilion is well equipped, and will provide ample changing accommodation for the present number of students. A feature of the building is a large and comfortably furnished lounge, where refreshments may be obtained, and where visiting teams will be entertained.

The pavilion will do much to promote the athletic activities of the College, and will add greatly to the amenities of the Athletic Grounds.

Thanks to the activities of Sir William Portal and certain other friends of the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, a sum of approximately £900 has been collected, and is to be given to the College as a memorial. It is the wish of the donors that this sum of money should be used for strengthening the engineering side of the College, and as a first step the Council has decided to name one of its scholarships 'The John Scott-Montagu Memorial Scholarship', to be awarded annually in Natural Science, preference being given to a candidate who intends to take engineering. The first award of this scholarship has already been made.

During the winter term, through the initiative of the Department of Modern Languages, the College received a visit from the Théâtre Classique Universitaire, under the direction of M. Jacques Toudouze, which gave admirable performances of French

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

Classic Drama in the College Hall before very large audiences. Local schools took full advantage of this opportunity, and contingents from schools even as far afield as Winchester, Basingstoke, Portsmouth, Alresford and Salisbury were also present.

The performances were of the brilliance generally associated with French dramatic art, and the players expressed their pleasure at the appreciation of the audiences, who, they said, followed the plays with more intelligence than any other audiences before which they had acted in this country.

The Southampton branch of the Alliance Française co-operated in arranging the visit to Southampton, and this function afforded striking evidence of the close sympathy which exists between that body and the University College.

* * * *

Among public lectures delivered during the Session on behalf of the College, particular mention has been made of two courses arranged at Winchester by the Extra Mural Department. The first was by the Very Rev. Dean of St. Pauls, on 'Christian Ethics', and the second by Dr. William Brown, Wilde Reader in Mental Philosophy in the University of Oxford on 'Mind and Body'.

Professor Lascelles Abercrombie gave a notable address to the English Association on 'The Long Poem To-day', and later delighted a gathering in the Senior Common Room by a reading of some of his own poems.

The annual address to the Engineering Society was given on March 14th, by Sir John Thornycroft, K.B.E., M.Inst. C.E., M.I.N.A., before a large and appreciative audience. The subject of the address was 'High Speed Vessels for Naval Purposes'.

* * * *

The present number of *Wessex* is the first of a new volume. *Wessex* began as an experiment. We consider that the experiment has in a large measure been justified. The publication is now a recognized part of the machinery of the Wessex University movement, and its circulation is steadily increasing. Our policy is to make it as fully representative as possible of those interests which ought to find their natural centre in a modern University, as the home of all that is best in the intellectual life of the district that it serves, where in the inspiring words of our President in the first number of *Wessex*, 'Truth and knowledge . . . bind together their votaries and students in one devout and holy fellowship'. We desire to take this opportunity of thanking the many generous supporters who have helped us in a variety of ways during the past three years.

* * * *

It is feared that some misunderstanding may have arisen from the title of this review, and of the projected University of Wessex. We desire to state here emphatically that we fully recognize the unique position of the University of Reading in the northern portion of the ancient kingdom, and that we have the greatest respect and admiration for its work. We hope that the present happy relations between the two University Institutions in north and south Wessex may continue, and that they may co-operate closely in the great work of extending University activities in the South of England.

THE HIGH MISSION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WESSEX

THE University of Wessex has, I am sure, a great future as a beneficent force in the life of England. For Hampshire, Dorset, Wiltshire and the Isle of Wight it will be the centre of art, learning, and technical skill. The immense development of the port of Southampton, the greatest effort of its kind in our time, and the rapid growth of population along the whole length of the sea coast of Wessex will give the new university unique opportunities of service.

There is one aspect of that service which I trust everyone concerned with the University will ever bear in mind. I hope they will regard it as their sacred trust to preserve the natural beauties of the fairest part of England. Let anyone who doubts this description, start on the South Downs, where Hampshire and Sussex join near Petersfield, and walk along the crest past Buriton, Butser Hill and the Long Ridge to Winchester. There let him rest awhile, and refresh his soul with the glorious beauties of Winchester. Then let him continue his westward walk over the high downs past Stockbridge, leaving Salisbury on his left. Let him go through Stonehenge and Cranbourne Chase to the borders of Somerset. Then let him return by the more southerly ridges of what Gilbert White calls 'the majestic range of the South Downs'. Let him pass by Bridport and Corfe Castle, then across to the Isle of Wight, and from the Needles all along the high ridge to Culver Cliff. Let him choose a fine day with a northerly wind and sail along the whole coast from Chichester Harbour to Lyme Regis. Then let him deny if he can that this is the fairest land under the sky.

But the opportunities for spoiling it all are so manifold; so much harm has already been done—short-sighted follies, resulting in great monetary loss, as well as aesthetic outrage. Let the University see to it that a halt shall be called to all vandalism, and that Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorset and the Isle of Wight shall remain an example of wise development and natural beauty.

It is right that beauty should be the special care of a university. How much Oxford and Cambridge owe to the great beauty of their surroundings and their buildings no man can measure. But anyone who travels the world will agree that it is almost, if not quite the greatest source of their influence and power. It is the beauty of the Oxford colleges and churches, and, at Cambridge, of the 'Backs', King's College Chapel and Trinity Great Court, which draws like a magnet, not only the tourist, but the men

THE HIGH MISSION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WESSEX

of learning and the seekers after truth of both hemispheres. Both these universities are now taking the lead in the preservation not only of their own beauties, but of the country round. There are many societies and individuals who are devoting time, energy and money to maintaining the marvellous beauties of unspoiled England. There is no real difficulty in the task.

When the first Tudor king brought peace to England there was a rapid growth of the population and of building. For some mysterious reason, or by some happy chance, or, as some have claimed quite recently, by the intervention of divine providence, the builders of those days found it impossible to build an ugly thing, or to disfigure the landscape, whether it were a cottage, a barn, a manor house, or the country seat of some great nobleman, everything that was built added to the beauty of the countryside. There is no reason why this should not happen again, and that the great increase in population and wealth, which must come to Southampton, and to Wessex, in the next few years, should not add to the glorious beauty, which God has bestowed on our province. Even in the great development of Southampton forethought and wise planning could make a City Beautiful.

This is no surmise. The ancient city and port of Genoa, the gateway to northern Italy and to Rome, has witnessed in the last five years development on a gigantic scale, but the inspiration of the king and his naturally artistic people, the genius of Mussolini, and the labours of an enlightened civic authority have made this rapid growth of industrial life and shipping activity a means of adding to the glories and the beauties of 'The Marble City'. All that is needed to achieve the same result in town and country is a body of men determined to focus the natural aspirations of the people of Wessex to see their fair land become fairer still.

I write these lines in an old grey stone manor house, completed in the sixteenth century, with the great Downs rising close behind, and the blue waters of the Channel spread out before me. As my eyes rest on this scene of wondrous charm I pray that the University of Wessex may grow to strength and power, having as its highest ideal the maintenance and extension of the beauty of this fair island, and with it the learning, the skill and the character of those who dwell in it.

JOHN BERNARD SEELY.

A NOTE ON MR. F. E. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS
AND HIS WORK

MR. F. E. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS, O.B.E., M.Inst. C.E., author of the following article, was educated at St. Paul's School and Owen's College, Manchester. He has had a very long and distinguished career as an engineer, and has done important work in connection with many great undertakings, including the Manchester Ship Canal, North Cornwall Railway Extensions, the Bakerloo Tube, and the Isna Barrage in Egypt. As the Docks Engineer, he has for many years been responsible for the development of the existing docks, and for the great new dock works which are being constructed for the Southern Railway. He gave the Vernon Harcourt Lectures on Dock Equipment in 1922, and he is the author of several technical papers. He is a member of the Court of Governors of University College, Southampton, and takes a keen interest in the work of the College.

Mr. Wentworth-Sheilds is a strong supporter of schemes for the education and training of engineers, and, in addition to his many activities in connection with professional life and service on expert committees of our National Engineering Institutions, he has identified himself with the University College Engineering Society by becoming its President in 1908, and has always taken an active part in its operations.

Many engineering students of the College owe their start in their professional careers to the interest taken in their training by Mr. Wentworth-Sheilds, and to the opportunities he has given them for acquiring professional experience. As a result of these contacts several old students of the College are now filling important posts in connection with harbours and docks in different parts of the world.

SOUTHAMPTON DOCK EXTENSIONS.

SOUTHAMPTON is often referred to as a Gateway of Empire, and she has every reason to be proud of the title. For it may be said of her that not only is she the possessor of great gifts, but also that she has a fine record of achievement. The gifts and the achievement are both matters of far more than local interest.

In one sense, Southampton, is but a little place among the Ports of England. The Dock Estate which has hitherto been developed, covers only 240 acres, say one-third of one square mile, and the length of its quays all told is but four miles, or thereabouts. Compare this with London, where thirty miles of quay are owned by the Port Authority, or with Liverpool, where the Harbour Board own thirty-seven miles, and it would seem as if Southampton must be a long way down the list of home ports. Not at all. Southampton has the proud position of being the premier passenger port of the Kingdom. Over 500,000 people passed through the Gateway last year, (1930). Again, in the matter of tonnage of vessels entering and leaving, she is a good third. Only London and Liverpool can beat her.

Why is this? In a word it is because Southampton is the best home port for the big ship. And in these days when industry of all kinds is being rationalized, when so much capital and thought are being expended on the installation of cheaper and more efficient transport, there is more and more demand for the big ship, and for accommodation for the big ship.

Nature's gifts to Southampton,—its sheltered position, its naturally deep water, its moderate range of tide, and last but not least, its prolonged period of quiet high water, are all attractive to the big ship. None the less, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, its trade was small; extremely small for a port whose natural facilities had been known for centuries. Indeed, the trade was practically limited to small ships plying to France and the Channel Islands, and the reason for this limited use of the port was largely the lack of deep water quays. There was plenty of sheltered anchorage, but no berth where a heavy ship could lie afloat right alongside the quay wall and quickly discharge her cargo and load up a fresh one.

But in 1836, the engineers got to work, and four years later the first deep water dock was completed. At last Southampton became a real gate of Empire. The Royal Mail steamers to the West Indies and the P. & O.

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steamers to India at once made it their home port. And since then she has never looked back, and it is in view of the work which has been done since that time, and which is being done to-day, that Southampton can proudly say that not only is she the possessor of great gifts, but that she has a fine record of achievement.

Much has been written and said about the work the engineers have done during the past 90 years to make Southampton the premier passenger port. How well she has responded to their efforts is shewn by the fact that whereas the trade in many of our other ports is declining, Southampton maintains and enlarges its business. So much so that she is now engaged in building further dock extensions in order to accommodate the big ships that want to come to her. The Southern Railway Company, who own the Docks, are at present spending some seven million pounds in dock extensions. When their scheme is completed, they will have added another mile and a half to their four miles of quay, and will also have added another to the seven dry docks which they already possess. This means that they will have berths for eight more monsters, and also dry dock accommodation not only for the big vessel which the Cunard Line are now building, but for even bigger vessels which may in future supersede it.

A few details of this big scheme will probably interest the readers of *Wessex*. As in all dock schemes, the engineers have had to plan out three distinct works, firstly the deep water approach channel and berths, secondly the land works, with the sheds, roads and quay equipment, and thirdly the quay wall. The last work, though out of sight and therefore out of mind, is often the most difficult and the most costly of all.

A glance at the map will shew that the site of the new dock scheme is a crescent shaped bay on the River Test, about two miles long and half a mile wide, extending from the Royal Pier to Millbrook Point. This bay is a mudland, covered at high tide and bare at low tide. Immediately outside it is the main channel of the river, which to-day is only about 8 or 10 feet deep at low tide. The first work therefore, is to deepen and widen this channel so as to allow the largest vessels to approach the new berths and lie there without going aground. This is purely a matter of digging, but digging on an enormous scale, as some twenty million tons of material will have to be removed. This is effected by means of bucket ladder dredgers. The dredger consists essentially of a pontoon on which is placed a long inclined beam, over which travels an endless chain containing enormous buckets at regular intervals. At the bottom of the ladder each bucket fills itself with earth, and when it reaches the top of the

[illegible]



SOUTHAMPTON DOCK EXTENSIONS

ladder it discharges it down a chute into a barge alongside. When the barge is full it is towed away, its destination depending upon its contents. If the material is soft mud, it is taken to sea, the barge being provided with hinged bottom doors through which the whole contents are allowed to escape. If however the material is gravel, this is brought ashore and saved for the purpose of making embankments, or else for concrete for the walls. Again, if the material is clay or sand, it is pumped ashore to reclaim the mudlands, and to form the land works, to which we will now turn our attention.

As mentioned above, the bay on which the works are situated, is covered by water at high tide and bare at low tide. This means that to form useful dry land which can be utilised for sheds, warehouses and roads, the level of the ground must be raised about 10 to 15 feet so as to make it high and dry. This is effected first by surrounding the site to be reclaimed with substantial earth embankments, and then delivering vast quantities of earth on to the enclosure thus formed. The embankments are formed in two different ways. If they are near to the river channel the soft mud along the line of the embankment is first of all dredged away, and then firm material, generally gravel, is dumped from barges which have been filled by the dredger, into the cut thus made. By this means the embankment can be brought up to about half tide level, and after that it is built up to its full height by a special floating transporter moored alongside the bank. This most useful piece of plant lifts gravel out of a barge which has been filled by the dredger, transports and discharges it right over the top of the bank. Where the embankments are near the shore, they are generally made with chalk which is obtained from the Railway Company's quarries at Micheldever, and which is brought down in trains of wagons and cast out from a timber trestle, which has been specially built along the line of the embankment for the purpose of supporting the wagons. When any portion of the site has been surrounded with embankments, the tide can be shut out, and then reclamation on a large scale can begin. For this purpose sand or clay which has been filled into barges by the dredger is utilized and it is literally pumped ashore. To effect this a pontoon containing two or three powerful pumps is moored in the river immediately alongside the embankment. One of these pumps is used to deliver water into the barge containing the clay or sand, so as to dilute, or liquefy it. It can then be passed through another pump, also on board the pontoon, which picks it up and sends it ashore through a long pipe line. At the shore end of the pipe line the mixture of earth and water is constantly running out. The earth naturally falls down, and the water passes on

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and eventually escapes from the enclosure through special sluices provided for the purpose. As the earth accumulates at the end of the pipe line, the latter is moved sideways or lengthened so that a constantly increasing area of ground is covered with fresh earth. The advantage of this method of transporting earth will be realised when it is mentioned that the pumps on this one pontoon, are capable of sending ashore 50,000 tons of material in a week, and can deliver it through a pipe line half a mile long or longer if required. And provided that the earth is sand or sandy clay, and not soft mud, the ground thus reclaimed is nice and firm, in spite of the fact that when travelling in the pipe line it has been practically in a fluid condition.

As soon as a plot of ground has been levelled up in this way, it is ready to take the cargo sheds, warehouses, rail roads, cart roads, cranes and other appliances which form the equipment of a great dock scheme.

The last and perhaps most important work of all is the construction of the quay wall, which forms the link between the deep water berths and the land works alongside them. In an endeavour to reduce expenditure on this very costly item, many methods of building a quay wall have been tried at Southampton.

The method adopted at the new dock works is new to the port, although it has been successfully used elsewhere. The walls consist of a series of so called 'monoliths', each of which is a monster block of concrete 45 feet square, and eventually built to a height of 70 to 100 feet. These blocks are laid in a long row, with spaces of only 4 feet between them, and while their construction is going on, look rather like a row of cottages in the making. They are placed on one of the big embankments which have been described as being made to enclose the area to be reclaimed. This embankment is of course the one which faces on the new deep water channel. Although the monoliths are so high, they never appear to attain any great height, because as fast as they are built up they are at the same time being sunk down into the ground. To enable this to be done, each monolith is provided with nine shafts, or wells, which pierce it from top to bottom, and each of which is about 10 feet across. In consequence the monolith from above looks rather like a honeycomb, with the cells laid upright, except that the walls between the cells are fairly thick, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in fact. At its base however, these thick walls are tapered down to a cutting edge, which is shod with steel, and which facilitates the sinking of the monolith. In spite of the cutting edge however, the monoliths would not sink, were it not that earth is being constantly taken away from underneath them by grabs which are lowered down by power-

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ful cranes through one or other of the nine wells, and when filled, bring it up (a ton or two at a time) and drop it behind. This digging process is carried on until the monolith is undermined to the extent of perhaps 10 or 15 feet. Even then it will sometimes refuse to sink, being held up by the friction of the earth all around it, and various devices have to be used to assist its descent. One favourite scheme is to pile up a number of iron blocks on top of it so as to add to its weight. The monolith itself, when attaining its full height, will weigh something like 5,000 tons, and this weight may be nearly doubled by the addition of the iron blocks. Before sinking is started the monolith is built up to a height of about 15 feet, and this part of it is made with concrete reinforced with a very large number of steel rods. Sinking is then begun, and when the monolith has sunk 10 feet, it is then built up by means of a masonry of concrete blocks for a further height of 10 feet. Sinking is again resorted to, and then again building, and so on alternatively until the monolith has reached its final depth. The nine wells are then filled with concrete to a depth of about 15 feet. At the back, the wells are then completely filled with earth. This is because a quay wall, to be stable, needs to have more weight at the back than it has at the front, and filling the back wells with earth is a very cheap and simple way of attaining this object.

When the monoliths have all been sunk to their final depth, the spaces between them are bridged over with specially constructed slabs, and a continuous wall is built along the front, so that it is only when the tide is low that one realises that what appears to be a long quay wall is in fact a series of immense pillars.

The final process is the dredging away of the slope of the gravel embankment which lies seaward of the monoliths, after which it will be possible for big ships to lie right alongside the new quay wall thus formed.

This brief description gives of course but a bare outline of the big work which is going on at Southampton, but it will serve perhaps to shew that the work of the engineers is full of interest, though not always easy, and that in planning docks they have to consider not only where the ships shall pass and berth, and where and how extensive the land work shall be, but also how all these works shall be accomplished, and what materials and machinery shall be brought into service. And it will be readily believed that specially trained men are needed for this work.

When writing for a journal which has a special care for the well-being of the Southampton University College, it would be ungrateful not to refer to the many ways in which the College has helped forward the work of dock building, which has been so prominent a feature in the

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activities of the town. Even half a century ago, the 'Hartley Institution' was looked upon as the guide, philosopher and friend of the young engineer at the Docks. And in later years, as the Engineering School grew under Professor Eustice and his colleagues, the College was able to train men who have been of the greatest service in solving the difficult problems which dock building presents.

The school has given full time training to some twenty men or more who have afterwards contributed to make Southampton Docks what they are. For instance, E. W. Beare, who gained his engineering degree at the College, is now Assistant Resident Engineer of the big works which have been described, and is responsible for all designs. C. B. H. Clark and D. R. Williamson, who followed a like course, hold positions of high responsibility on the existing Docks. Many others have done several years good work at the Docks after leaving the College, and have then passed on to other 'big jobs' elsewhere. To take two names at random, A. C. Brown is in charge of the huge new dock works at Singapore for the Contractors, Messrs. Sir John Jackson & Co. Ltd., and E. Granter is looking after the new Lambeth Bridge for the London County Council. And the number of young men in the various engineering departments of the Docks, structural,—mechanical,—electrical, who have benefited by the evening classes given at the College, must be legion. To them the college has been a true friend. It has doubled the joy which their work has given to them, to say nothing of increasing their chances of promotion.

Again, the College has gladly helped the Docks when any special research work had to be carried out, putting all its resources at the engineers' disposal.

Other engineering establishments, besides those of the Southern Railway and other departments in the Docks, have of course received much help from the College. Of this help others can speak. But enough has been said to shew that the Docks owe a debt of gratitude to the College, to which debt the Southern Railway have given laudable recognition by a substantial contribution to their funds. And indeed, it will be generally agreed that the College has played a fine part in the work of building the Empire Gateway of the South.

F. E. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

OUR ENGINEERING DEVELOPMENT

FROM our early beginning as a Technical Institute we have already reached the intermediate stage of a University College. In planning our further development, it is wise to take a fairly distant objective in order that all our steps may form part of a properly consolidated advance. The objective may change slightly as experience is gained and as the requirements and conditions in industry vary.

There is natural reluctance to expose an unfinished picture, but we must be so greatly guided by advice and criticism that this apparently premature description is justified by the help it will call forth.

As our University work develops we shall still retain and develop the Evening Classes and the Organized Part Time Training. The comparatively close touch between these and our present Degree and Diploma work has many advantages, and is not found in more than a very few other Engineering Schools. There is the further potential advantage that these elementary courses may prove very valuable feeders for the higher ones.

It is proposed now to outline the development of our more advanced work. We are to educate engineers, giving them a knowledge of the essential principles of engineering and developing those characteristics specially valuable in engineering. We are to be a source from which the engineering firms can derive assistance and advice in problems and developments of unusual technical difficulty or calling for knowledge or facilities which may be outside their normal scope. We are to develop engineering research whereby we shall extend engineering knowledge.

In all these things we shall be guided by our own experience as it develops and by advice and criticism from others to build up something which seems best rather than to follow too closely what others are doing perhaps by reason of established custom, or because numbers or lack of facilities make it too difficult to change.

First consider education. Personally I have no first-hand experience of University education, as my own training was in H.M. Navy. It so happens that for many years I have been almost continuously employed, in close association with University trained engineers, on developments of such novelty and complexity that I could use what technical knowledge I had acquired, and a good deal more, had it been available. My case may be rather exceptional in that respect, but it is fairly certain that the technical difficulty of developments is likely to increase as time goes on, and that it will be on University educated men that they will mainly depend.

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The detail knowledge which has been of the greatest use to me during the last five years was almost wholly acquired long after the end of my formal training. The student should be taught general principles. He must acquire the courage and confidence to apply them, and must develop the ability to keep abreast of current knowledge in the branch of engineering which he selects.

It appears undesirable to differentiate too much between Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. The demand may change or may go to a new branch, such as aircraft. It would be at present unwise to start a distinct course of Aeronautical Engineering, but the methods of design and construction used in aircraft are necessarily of such refinement that they are excellent for inclusion as examples in general engineering training.

It is hoped that we may be able to include in the advanced courses participation in some useful investigation; not research proper and not ordinary laboratory work designed to illustrate some method. An investigation rather which would be carried out by a party of staff and students, possibly into a problem referred to us by a firm, or, if that is not available, one framed to be typical of the kind of problem which the degree engineer is likely to be called upon to tackle when he has gone to a firm.

The student must acquire a readiness to seek out and use the results of research, and to consult chemists, physicists and mathematicians such as those he will have met at college.

The proper planning of an investigation and the use of knowledge from other sources are perhaps the most vital factors in its satisfactory solution. They are so frequently overlooked that some instruction in them is likely to be valuable.

It may be difficult to superimpose these investigations upon the degree course, but apart from their future value they seem likely to increase the interest and understanding of principles and may therefore be helpful to the attainment of a degree or diploma.

In the planning of this education we are most anxious for the guidance of other engineering schools, of engineering employers, and of engineers who have recently finished their training and are able to appreciate what parts of it are going to prove most valuable.

Turning now to our second obligation. The problems which we hope will be referred to us are of value, partly because they will keep us in touch with general technical development, and partly because they constitute the most direct method in which we can help the firms whom we hope will help us by taking our students at the conclusion of their training.

OUR ENGINEERING DEVELOPMENT

We do not imagine that we know more than a firm about its own job, but it is probable that there may be among the various members of the Engineering Staff, or in the other scientific departments of the College, either personal experience or access to recorded knowledge, or perhaps special apparatus or facilities for experiment which will offer better chances of success than may be available in the firm.

In the matter of research it is more difficult to make a move until there are better facilities for it and until the Staff has been increased.

It is natural to wish to select High Speed Compression Ignition Engines, because I am already closely in touch with that work, and developments are likely to be of such wide application. On the other hand, it is neither the cheapest, the easiest, nor the most silent and unobtrusive activity.

An outline of this nature drawn by one so new to the problem may seem premature. It is, however, based upon the advice and concurrence of many well qualified to advise. More visits will be made and more advice sought personally, but the real object of this note is to show what we at present take as our objective and thereby to enlist assistance; from those who will give constructive criticism and advice; from those who will send us problems to solve; from those who will assist us financially and thereby expedite this development; but primarily from those who will have the enterprise to join us as students and help to build up a school of engineering as good as any, and, perhaps, a little better in some respects.

Southampton must be the nation's main terminal port. The newest and most interesting ships work from here. Important civil engineering work will be in hand for many years. One of the most important railway works is within a few miles. The fastest ships and the fastest and the largest aircraft are built here. There can be no doubt about the suitability of Southampton as the seat of a School of Engineering.

T. R. CAVE-BROWNE-CAVE.



TWO POEMS IN DORSET DIALECT

by P. T. FREEMAN

WIMBORNE MINSTER AT ZUNSET

Ay, many times, wi' heart zoo sad,
When treäde wer' zlack, an' times wer' bad,
I've hwomeward turn'd in evenèn hours
An' zeed the glow upon they tow'rs.

Then, zecin' 'em zoo virm an' strong,
Still watchèn, as they've done zoo long,
Do gi'e me hope an' stay my vears,
An' bid me look vur brighter years.

An' (d'seem to I) thik lovely light
That meäkes 'em look zoo warm an' bright
Do come vrom Heav'n at evenèn-tide
To show that He be on our zide.

Zoo, comen hwome vrom Blan'ford way
Wi' heavy heart at close o' day,
I d'brighten up wi' Hope's vull pow'rs
When I do zee they sheenèn tow'rs.

THE ZMELL O' MINT

When we wer' bwoys, an' days wer' long,
An' hearts wer' light, an' feäces bright,
An' ev'ry hour wer' glad wi' song,
How we did run, at zettèn zun!

Vur, evenèn-time be best to catch
The minnows swift that dart an' drift
Aroun' the crumbl'd wold mill-hatch
When wheel be stopp'd an' hatch be dropp'd.

TWO POEMS IN DORSET DIALECT

An', comèn hwome, zome bwoy've a-trod
The mint-stems sweet beneath his veet;
Wher' zedges tall do sway an' nod
By river-zide at evenèn-tide.

An' now, when I be far vrom hwome,
An' day by day do slip away
My last vew years, my heart do rhoam
Back to the time when life wer' prime.

An' zmall o' mint do teäke I back
Drough years dree-score—when school wer' o'er
Wi' jars an' nets, when mill wer' slack,
How we did run, at zetten zun!



MAN AND MAN

by MARY L. HACKER

The planets hold communion as they swing,
Each in his vast encirclement confined.
They send their chorus clanging down the wind
That severs thundrous ring from thundrous ring.

Across all emptiness between, they fling
A shivering ray, from star to star aligned,
And so the worlds the worlds for ever bind
With a for ever breaking silver string.

And so, my brother, you and I traverse
A difference wider than the universe,
And isolation colder than the stars.
You in your sealed body, I in mine
Can in each other's deeper thoughts divine
The sparkle of the earth saluting Mars.

WESSEX AND THE ENGLISH LAW

THE district which forms the heart of the historic kingdom of Wessex, the name of which has been revived in our times by the genius of the late Thomas Hardy, has always had a close association with the development and administration of English law. It is claimed that the 'dooms' promulgated by the kings of Wessex were the first considerable contribution to the development of the common law of England.

The two distinctive and peculiar features in connection with the association of Wessex with the law are the Legal System of the New Forest, and the Admiralty Jurisdiction which was formerly exercised by the town of Southampton.

The Legal System of the New Forest

In the time of the Britons the whole of Britain was replenished with game, and little attention was then paid by the natives to the inclosing and improving of their grounds; their chief subsistence was derived from the chase, and this they enjoyed in common; but when husbandry took place under the Saxons, land began to be inclosed, improved, and cultivated; the beasts naturally fled into the woods; and wild forest tracts, which never having been disposed of in the first distribution of waste lands, were not only considered as belonging to the Crown, but were reserved with great strictness for the amusement and recreation of the Sovereign. Every freeholder, however, had full liberty of killing upon his own territory, provided he abstained from the king's forests.

At the Norman conquest a new doctrine was introduced, namely, that the right of pursuing and of taking beasts of chase and venery, and of all animals which were accounted game belonged either to the king, or to such only as were authorised under him. This right rested upon the principles of the feudal law, as well as upon the maxim of the common law, that such animals, being '*bona vacantia*' and having no other owner, belonged to the king by virtue of his royal prerogative.

The word 'Forest' has a special meaning in English law; it was defined by Manwood¹ as 'a certain territorie of woody grounds and fruitfull pastures, priviledged for wild beasts and foules of forest, chase and warren, to rest and abide in, in the safe protection of the King, for his princely delight and pleasure, which territorie of grounds so priviledged, is

¹ *Forest Lawes*. (1598).

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meered and bounded with irremovable markes, meres, and boundaries either known by matter of record or else by prescription'. Within these limits, and under the colour of forest law, the most horrid tyrannies and oppressions were exercised; the penalties attached to the destroying of a beast within the bounds of a forest were made almost as severe as the taking away the life of a human being.¹

In this connection Sir William Blackstone wrote: 'In Saxon times though no man was allowed to kill or to chase the King's deer, yet he might start any game, pursue, and kill it upon his own estate'. But the forest laws 'imported by the Normans from the continent vested the sole property of all the game in England in the king alone; and no man was entitled to disturb any fowl of the air, or any beast of the field, of such kind as were specially reserved for the royal amusement of the sovereign, without express licence from the king, by a grant of a chase or free-warren. From a similar principle to which, though the forest laws have grown entirely obsolete, yet from this fact has sprung a *bastard slip* known by the name of the Game Law: . . . both productive of the same tyranny to the commons, but with this difference, that the forest laws established only one mighty hunter throughout the land, whereas the game laws have raised a little Nimrod in every manor'.²

The ancient name of the New Forest was '*Ytene*', a Saxon word signifying a furzy waste, or a wild and wooded tract of country. According to the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, there is some evidence that the forest was used as a royal forest in the time of Canute, A.D. 1017; and that what in fact happened after the Conquest was that William selected this wild tract as a suitable hunting ground for himself within easy reach of his capital city, Winchester, and that within its boundaries he enforced the forest law, whereby he reserved the exclusive right of shooting for himself.

In former days the New Forest was divided into nine 'bailiwicks', and sub-divided into fifteen 'walks'. The forest consisted of vert and venison. Vert comprised trees, coppices and turf; and venison comprised all beasts of the forest (hart, hind, wild boar and wolf), of the chase (buck, doe, fox, etc.), of the park, and of the warren (hare, rabbit, pheasant and partridge).

The forest officers who were charged with the care of the vert and venison and with the administration of the forest laws were a chief Justice in Eyre, four verderers, twelve regarders, as well as foresters, agistors,

¹ Lewis on the New Forest, p. 6.

² *Commentaries on the Laws of England*: Vol. IV., p. 478.

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woodwards and a steward; in addition, there was usually a lord-warden,¹ or a lieutenant, or a master-forester appointed by the king. The chief Justice in Eyre was an officer of great dignity; and the appointment was held, as a rule, by a peer who was also a Privy Councillor. The office dates from the time of Henry II. The other forest officers held merely local appointments.

The verderers² were judicial officers chosen by the king's writ from among local gentlemen, and were sworn to maintain and to keep the assizes of the forest, to view, to receive, and to enrol the attachments and presentments of all manner of trespasses against vert and venison to be brought before the Justice in Eyre. These verderers were judges in the Swainmote, or Freeholders' Court, to which reference is made below. The regards³ (*regardatores*) and foresters and the woodwards were species of wardens.

The Bow-Bearer. The office of Bow-Bearer is one of great antiquity; and it is said that Sir Walter Tyrell held this appointment at the time of the fatal 'accident' which befel William Rufus. This officer was the constant companion of the early English kings whom he attended with a bow and arrows when they recreated themselves in their forests; and his duty was, in the absence of the lieutenant of the forest, to attach, without concealment, everyone who should commit trespass 'on the vert and venison', or 'the green hue and hunting'.

In the time of William Rufus there was a custom that, according to the usage of the New Forest, the Bow-Bearer should be provided with a brace of milk-white greyhounds, in order that these might be presented to the king when he first made his appearance within the boundaries of the forest. It is recorded that in 1789, when King George III visited Lyndhurst in state ceremony, he was attended upon by a distinguished freeholder, Sir Charles Mill, accompanied by a brace of milk-white greyhounds.

There were three distinct kinds of forest courts,⁴ viz.,

- I. The Woodmote, or Court of Attachment:
- II. The Swainmote, or Swanimote:
- III. The Justice Seat, or Court of the Chief Justice in Eyre.

¹ This was the forestarius mentioned in Domesday. His office was ministerial, not judicial. The warden was obliged to bail persons charged with offences committed in the forest; and, if he refused to bail, the party grieved was allowed to have his writ out of chancery directed to the warden to bail him; and, if he did not obey such writ, the party was entitled to have another writ directed to the sheriff to apprehend the warden. The last lord-warden of the New Forest was the father of the late Duke of Cambridge.

² In the Constitutions of Canute, verderers are referred to under the name of *Paesenei*.

³ These were always ministerial officers.

⁴ Lewis on the New Forest, p. 96.

⁵ *de superoneratione forestariorum, et aliorum ministrorum forestae, et de eorum oppressionibus populo regis illatis*.

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I. THE WOODMOTE, or forty days' court, was merely a court of inquest, that is to say, a species of grand jury or coroner's court. It was held before the Verderers of the Forest every forty days; it was instituted to enquire into all forest offences committed in the woods of the forest, as well as against the vert and venison. Where the offence brought before the Woodmote seemed capable of proof, the accused was committed for trial at the next Swainmote, as the Woodmote had no power to convict or to proceed to judgment.

II. THE SWAINMOTE was a court which was held three times a year under the jurisdiction of the verderers. The verderers were expected to have a working knowledge of forest law, and were assisted in technical matters by a *senescallus* (i.e. a steward) who advised them as to such subjects as mainprise and bailment. The jurisdiction of the Swainmote consisted not only in receiving and enrolling the presentments of the court of attachments and in inquiring into the oppressions and grievances committed by the officers of the forest, but also in receiving and trying the presentments certified from the inferior courts, such as the Woodmote.¹

Serious offences were committed to the next 'Justice Seat', but minor offences were dealt with summarily.

This Court is still in existence, but in a modified form; and is held in the Verderers' Hall, at the King's House at Lyndhurst.

Originally, the verderers were appointed by the Crown to protect the king's interests in the forest; but since the New Forest Act of 1877 they have been elected by the commoners. There are now seven verderers, six of whom are elected by the commoners for six years, two retiring every two years, and one is appointed by the Crown. They are elected by open voting. The late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu was one of the representatives of the commoners.

III. THE JUSTICE SEAT was the High Court for the trial of forest offences of all kinds. It was held once every third year; and its jurisdiction was to hear and to determine 'all trespasses within the forest, all claims of franchise, liberties and privileges, and all pleas and causes whatever therein arising'. Here the Chief Justice in Eyre sat, and was assisted by someone learned in forest law, and by a jury of eighteen or twenty-four men chosen from among the freeholders who were in attendance at court according to law.

This was the only court of record for inflicting fine and imprisonment in respect of forest offences.

¹ Mr. Montague Chandler has drawn attention to the fact that there exists at Romsey a fairly complete series of Swainmote and Attachment Court Rolls from 1665, with ancient copies of an Attachment Court Roll of 1607, a Justice Seat of 1620-22; and a Swainmote Roll of 1632.

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The convictions of the Swainmote were confirmed, and judgments were entered in respect of minor offences, and decrees were issued for executing them. When judgments had been entered up (but not before), the Chief Justice could issue his warrant to the officers of the Forest to apprehend the offenders. In addition, it was here that all the more serious charges sent up by the Swainmote were tried.

The office of Chief Justice in Eyre was abolished by statute in 1817; but the ancient royal coat of arms still hangs in the Verderers' Hall in the King's House at Lyndhurst.

The Court of Regard, or Survey of Dogs was held, according to the old forest laws, every third year, for the 'lawing' and 'expeditation' of mastiffs.¹

The Charter and Constitutions of Canute granted at a parliament holden at Winchester in 1016 contain detailed provisions as to the conditions on which dogs might be kept within the bounds of the forest.

In the Verderers' Hall at Lyndhurst there is preserved, chained to the wall, a large stirrup which was supposed to have belonged to William Rufus at the time of his death in the New Forest; but the better opinion seems to be that the stirrup was a vestige of the rigour of the ancient forest laws; and was, in former days, the standard by which it was determined whether dogs found within the verge of the Forest should go unexpeditated or not; the little cur which could pass through the stirrup without difficulty was permitted to be kept, but the larger animal whose body the stirrup could not admit was either expeditated or destroyed.²

The Admiralty Jurisdiction of the Town of Southampton

For many centuries Southampton has been one of the most important towns in Wessex by reason of its being the nearest point on the coast to Winchester, the ancient capital of Wessex, and of its proximity to Bursledon and to Buckler's Hard, which were formerly two of the premier royal dockyards.

Admiralty jurisdiction was granted to the town of Southampton in 1451 by a charter of Henry VI. The extent of the jurisdiction was the extremities of the ancient port, i.e. Langston on the east, including the port of Portsmouth, and Hurst on the west, including Lymington, together with all tidal harbours, rivers, creeks, and arms of the sea within this boundary line. Portsmouth was excluded later by a settlement of 1680.

¹ 'Lawing' and 'expeditation' consists of cutting off the claws of the animals' forefeet, in order to prevent them from running after the deer.

² Lewis on the New Forest, p. 76.

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In pursuance of this charter, the Mayor of Southampton and his colleagues exercised every branch of admiralty power; there were in the town an admiralty court and a prison. The Mayor and his colleagues claimed all wrecks, and took cognisance of fishing in the water within their jurisdiction; they suffered no one to fish except such fishermen as were licensed by them. Inasmuch as by admiralty law the sea is deemed to extend everywhere up to the first bridges, the Mayor and his colleagues claimed the right to exercise their admiralty jurisdiction as far as Redbridge on the River Test, and as far as Woodmill on the River Itchen. In the Assembly Books of Southampton many instances are recorded of the exercise of full admiralty jurisdiction over all the waters within the district. The following are typical entries: In 1474 a man was paid for going to Langston along the coast to look after wrecks belonging to the town's admiralty; in 1499 a mast was brought as a wreck from the Isle of Wight; in 1502 a man was fined for dragging oysters; in 1569 the men of Keyhaven were 'presented' for 'perking yells at all times' (which being interpreted, means pricking eels at unlawful seasons).

In 1610 Sir Thomas West of Testwood prosecuted some licensed fishermen for fishing below Redbridge. The House advised the fishermen to 'use Sir Thomas well, and no doubt he would withdraw his action', which they supposed to be grounded on the fact that the fishermen had been fishing with unlawful nets and not in opposition to the town's rights. The action was withdrawn.

In 1642 the Mayor and his colleagues made a grant for fishing in Itchen Ferry river; and in 1658 the Court Leet 'presented' that the fishing between Southampton and Redbridge had been usurped by one Thomas Knowles and others 'to the hurt of the place'. Fishing between the open sea and the first bridges (i.e. Woodmill and Redbridge) was under the control of the burgesses; and in 1611 licences were granted for fishing up to Redbridge, on condition that the fish caught should be brought to the town markets.

In his capacity as 'Admiral of this Place', the Mayor of Southampton had, as his special perquisite, any royal fish (i.e. whales and sturgeon) thrown on to the shore or caught near the coast.

In 1614 the men of Dibden complained to the Crown that they were required to submit to the 'Admiral Court at Southampton for maritime causes'. They claimed exemption as tenants of the liberty of 'Ewlinn'

¹According to Sir William Blackstone, the common law on this matter is that if a whale be washed up or caught, the king is entitled to the head of the fish, the queen to the tail, and the finder to the body; but a sturgeon belonged wholly to the king.

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(? Eling); but the Mayor contended that there was no record that the complainants had been exempted from the jurisdiction, and so the objection was not upheld.

It appears that the admiralty rights did not include full control over the passages across the river-mouths; and in 1613 a petition was presented to James I for a grant of the Hythe Ferry. Hythe being within the admiralty jurisdiction of Southampton, the Mayor and his colleagues were asked to advise upon the petition. They advised against it; and apparently the King agreed with their opinion that to grant the ferry would be to destroy one of the principal nurseries of sailors in the west of England. The Itchen Ferry was already in private ownership; but burgesses claimed, and were allowed, the right of free passage.

Although the symbol of the oar figures in civic functions held at Southampton, the significance thereof has now disappeared, inasmuch as for many years this peculiar jurisdiction has ceased to be exercised by the corporate town of Southampton.

As the result of the arrest of three pirates in 1614, the town obtained from the High Court of Admiralty a commission for piracy causes. Before the sessions were held, however, the High Court of Admiralty issued an order for the pirates to be removed to London for trial in the High Court of Admiralty; whereupon the Mayor and his colleagues prayed that the trial might be held locally as a deterrent to potential pirates who were said to have infested the district. After much negotiation had taken place, the order of the High Court was waived, and the pirates were tried, condemned, and executed at Southampton.

W. G. H. COOK.



CHILDHOOD

(From the German of Rainer Maria Rilke)

by J. B. LEISHMAN

SCHOOL, School ! The anguish and the weariness !
The waiting, and the downright stupid things !
O Loneliness ! O, where's the good it brings ? . . .
Then out at last ; the sparkling high street rings,
And in the big white square the fountain springs,
And in the parks the world seems measureless—
And to pass through it all in children's dress
So different from the others—unseen wings :
O heavenly time, O wise and wondrous things,
O Loneliness !

To watch it all with clear and eager gaze :
Men, women, women, men, in blacks and greys,
And children, with their colour and their glee ;
And here a house, and there a dog—O, see !—
Boldness and fear changing in subtle ways :
O foolish griefs, O dreams, O dark amaze !
O deeper than the sea !

And so with bat and ball and hoop to playing
In parks where the bright colours softly fade,
Brushing against the grown-ups without staying
When ball or hoop their alien walks invade ;
But when the twilight comes, with little, swaying
Footsteps to toddle home with nurse's aid :
O thoughts that fade into the darkness, praying
Alone, afraid !

And hour on hour by the grey pondside kneeling
With little sailing-boat and shoulders bare ;
Forgetting yours, because you see them stealing,
Those other vessels, through the ripples there,
And as you watch them pass, you can't help feeling
They see your small, pale face and tousled hair—
O childhood, images like sea-gulls wheeling,
O where ? O where ?

GILBERT WHITE AS ZOOLOGIST¹

IT must be noted first of all that Gilbert White (1720-1793) being Vicar of Selborne was never a professional zoologist, but merely an amateur. He was, strictly speaking, an out-door naturalist thoroughly enjoying his pursuits and the tranquillity and charm of his surroundings. In his collection of books White had the works of Ray, Willughby, Montagu, Linnaeus, Derham and Reaumer 'that admirable entomologist'. Ray and Linnaeus he knew well, for out of courtesy to his two principal correspondents, whose preferences he respected, he uses Ray's system of short synopses in his letters to Barrington and that of Linnaeus (binomial nomenclature) in those to Pennant (traveller). These works certainly gave him but poor assistance towards his own special study of outdoor life. It is possible that White did not often see the published proceedings of the learned societies of his day. Probably he knew little of the labours of his fellow naturalists. He records his regrets that he never had neighbours with kindred tastes; but in one peculiar passage 'I must plod on by myself with few books and no soul to communicate my doubts and discoveries to' he is surely incorrect, for his relatives, especially his brothers, helped him considerably.

In his first letter to Barrington, who held quite academic views, White describes himself as 'an outdoor naturalist: one who takes his observations from the subject itself and not from the writings of others'. These precepts he followed almost from childhood practically to his death. 'The bane of our science' he says regarding Scopoli 'is the comparing one animal to the other by memory'. White gets straight to the matter in hand, observes it closely and notes everything down at the time accurately. He was no specialist. 'The particular formation of the foot disconnects the swift from all the British hirundines', he notes, as also the fact that Scopoli had supposed the species to be a separate genus. But here he leaves the matter. Further he was no systematist. 'Mere classification only amuses the fancy and exercises the memory'. 'Don't be too hasty' he wrote his brother John, chaplain at Gibraltar, 'in pronouncing any species a non-descript' - excellent advice, which with great advantage to present day systematists might have been much better followed since his day than has actually been the case. His real bent is clearly shown in

¹ The following books have been consulted. Editions of *Natural History of Selborne*:—First ed. 1789; by Jesse 1854, Bell 1878, Harting 1884, World's Classics 1902, Kearton 1924 and *Gilbert White, Pioneer, Poet and Stylist*, by Johnson 1924.

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his message to John White 'learn as much as possible the manners of animals. They are worth a ream of descriptions'. The investigations of 'the life and conversation of animals' (his favourite phrase) is a concern of much more trouble and difficulty (than purely indoor work) and is not to be attained but by the active and the inquisitive and by those that reside much in the country.

White was a calm, cautious and close observer, always with this decided leaning towards the practical. 'Speculative enquiries', he said 'can bear no competition with practical ones'. In his favourite study of ornithology White does not seem to have used a telescope. In the identification of some of the birds he was probably hampered by defective vision, which along with his deafness may have been a legacy from his smallpox. Living as White did in an age of indoor theories, it is to his credit that he got his own information in the open. Yet he seems to have had his mind made up, and then sought confirmation of his opinions by finding facts to suit them—just the reverse of the scientific method! White was not only the founder of outdoor natural history, but also one of the first to describe exactly. 'A proper description should convey', he remarks, 'a precise idea in every term or word'. White is decidedly the pioneer worker in the field and has been followed by a host of others; Waterton, Buckland, Jefferies, Grant Allen, Miall, Warde Fowler, R. Kearton, Thoreau and Hudson, to name only a few. Several of these edited or illustrated an edition of his *Selborne*. Even to-day White's methods are not antiquated or useless.

White is also the first 'regional survey' enthusiast. 'That district produces the greatest variety that is most examined', he remarks. 'Men that undertake only one district are more likely to advance natural knowledge than those that grasp at more than they can possibly be acquainted with; every kingdom, every province should have its own monographer'. His own parish was to White the centre of the Universe, for in his 'Advertisement' to *Selborne* (1789) he lays 'before the public his idea of parochial history' and he urges the writing of 'county histories'.

What we now call 'ecology' White termed 'economy' or 'oeconomy'. Many of his facts are naturally of local importance only, while others again no longer hold good for his area. Modern ecology in one of its branches deals with the effects of changes wrought by man such as, the extinction of certain animals, the introduction of others and the reclamation of fens by drainage and of waste land by replanting. Many changes have taken place in and around Selborne since White's day. The red deer of Wolmer Forest have been long extinct, though once five

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hundred of them were driven past to amuse Queen Anne. The forest itself has in large part been replanted, while Bin's Pond has long since been drained completely. White notes the extermination of black game, which, however, have still managed to struggle on and survive in the district, and also the destructive effects of heath fires.

Warde Fowler in his edition of *Selborne* rightly remarks: 'White often got on a good line of thought without following it up'. For example he noted:—that the jackdaws in Hampshire nest in rabbit burrows because there are 'few towers or steeples in all the country'—(an adaptation of environment) and again the structure of the owl's wing as an adaptation to noiseless flight; the true nature of the peacock's tail and its use to attract the hen, and the rivalry between males both in the case of field crickets and in glow-worms (sexual selection); 'the two great motives which regulate the proceedings of the brute creation are love and hunger' (struggle for existence). He argues also that in the presence of want and helplessness, self-interest and self-protection arise, as shown in the winter parking of birds. Friendships between 'incongruous animals' such as horse and hen, cat and leveret, and cat and squirrel are duly reported. 'There is a wonderful spirit of sociality in the brute creation, independent of sexual attachment'. This Massingham in *Some Birds of the Countryside* instances as a 'throw forward' to Kropotkin's 'Mutual Aid'.

White instances also the effect of the pressure of population on the available food supply in the case of swifts, and thus presages Malthus' *Theory of Population* published in 1798, five years after his death. His account of the habits of the young stone curlews hints at the theory of protective coloration. His account of the bullfinch darkening the colour of his feathers when fed on hemp seed has been verified since. The development or loss of sexual characters resulting from castration White noted. This line was carried on by Darwin with similar results in his *Variations of Plants and Animals under Domestication* 1888. The interdependence of plants and animals was repeatedly noticed, e.g. *Lathraea* with its never failing coleopteran attendants; swallows in a high wind taking insects disturbed by the feet of horses; fishes supported by the dung from cattle while standing belly deep in water on summer days from ten to four. 'Thus Nature who is a great economist converts the recreation of one animal to the support of another'.

In 1777 White was anxious for a 'good monography' of earthworms. 'Earthworms, though in appearance a small and despicable link in the chain of nature; yet, if lost, would make a lamentable chasm'. Darwin may have been influenced by this chapter, though he scarcely mentions

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White in his *Formation of Vegetable Mould through the action of Earth worms* 1881. White clearly showed that the common pigeon is derived from the small blue rock pigeon, and not from the stockdove as was then commonly supposed, and points conclusively to the fact that the pigeons of Carnarvonshire repair to Ormes Head to breed, i.e. to the original home.

In a well known passage, 'A full history of noxious insects hurtful in the field, garden and house, suggesting all the known and likely means of destroying them would be allowed by the public to be a most useful and important work. . . A knowledge of the properties, economy, propagation and, in short, of the life and conversation of these animals is a necessary step to lead us to some method of preventing their predations', White foretold one of the chief applications of Zoology. Of all his suggestions this one has been most followed. A long list of entomologists including Curtis, Kirby and Spence, Ormerod, Poulton, Miall and Lefroy have all contributed to the prosecution of this idea, a late development of which is the fight waged against malaria by Manson and Ross and their followers.

His work in the *Insecta* includes several discoveries whereby he enriched science; the formation of honeydew by black aphides—but he thought, possibly through not having a good lens, that the leaves exuded the fluid; the annual destruction of oak leaves by the larvae of *Tortrix viridana* (*Phalaena quercus* of White) but curiously enough he failed to note that the damaged oaks put out fresh foliage by the end of July. Most unfortunately he describes the green imago as 'of a pale yellow colour'. The three crickets (field, house and mole) greatly interested him, the last named not being found far outside his native county. White knew the glow-worm to be the female beetle (*Lampyrus noctiluca*) and supposed her light to be used to attract the male. 'The glow-worm lights her amorous fire'. Here sexual selection was certainly noted. He thought that the adhesive feet of the house-fly were worked like a school-boy's leather 'sucker'; but long before in 1663 Power in his *Experimental Philosophy* believed that the fly exuded at will a sticky fluid by which it held to the surface on which it was walking. This idea was revived by Blackwall about 1840, and is to-day accepted as correct, e.g. Hewitt's *Housefly* 1914.

Among the *Arachnida* White knew that gossamer was made by swarms of young spiders which float in the air by its means, but he thought that the spiders ascended with the rising dew! The 'harvest bug' he described as an insect belonging to the genus *Acarus*, whereas it is really a

larval mite (*Microtrombidium autumnale*, Shaw) White wrote his account in 1771 and was probably quite unaware of Muller's work on Mites published in 1764.

'Nothing would recommend entomology more than some neat plates that should well express the generic distinctions of insects according to Linnaeus' he wrote in 1771, 'for I am well assured that many people would study insects could they set out with a more adequate notion of those distinctions than can be conveyed at first by words alone'. We thoroughly agree, and it is to be deplored that even to-day, there is available no such work dealing with the genera of British insects in convenient form. Curtis in his *British Entomology* successfully accomplished the task, but at a cost prohibitive to the general public. 'I must not pretend to great skill in Entomology' wrote White, but his descriptions are his own, simple and beautiful, recording as facts only those proved to be so.

The casual reader dipping into *Selborne*, (a first edition of which adorns our University College Library) might easily think that the book dealt mainly with birds—White's favourite group. Here in ornithology, his best contribution is the identification of the three willow wrens, the chiff chaff, willow wren and wood wren, quite unsuspected by Ray. White also studied the cuckoo and refused to believe Linnaeus when he names the cuckoo as a bird of prey. He was fond of the fern owl (goat sucker) and the stone curlew, and did not favour the slaying of owls for he knew their useful work and value to the farmer. The qualifications of a good ornithologist are laid down definitely and succinctly. He 'should be able to distinguish birds by their air as well as by their colours and shapes; on the ground as well as on the wing and in the bush as well as in the hand'. His love of birds influenced Darwin who wrote 'From reading White's *Selborne* I took much pleasure in watching the habits of birds and even made notes on the subject', and again 'in my simplicity (in boyhood) I wondered why every gentleman did not become an ornithologist!'

Not only was White a pioneer in the ways already noted by indicating lines of treatment which have since been followed up, but he himself definitely added two new animals to our British fauna, the harvest mouse (*Mus minutus*) which he first described beautifully in 1767. This, our smallest mammal, is said by R. Kearton to have been previously discovered by Montagu in Wiltshire. The second find was the Great or Noctule Bat (*Vesperugo noctula*)=*Vespertilio altivolans* of White who notes 'somewhat of a peculiar structure' within the ear—evidently the tragus which he did not 'understand perfectly' and which he leaves 'to the observation of the curious anatomist'. It is amazing that though there

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are over twenty bats in this country, White knew only two. Seemingly White also was the first to distinguish the two genera of tortoises, *Testudo* and *Cistudo*, and got Linnaeus to group them thus.

Various slips not unnaturally occur in *Selborne* largely because White did not thoroughly investigate the points at the time. He thought that the tadpole's tail drops off; that the spiracula of fallow deer allowed the animals to breathe when nose deep in water. 'If some curious gentleman would procure the head of a fallow deer' he says, 'and have it dissected, he would find it furnished with two spiracula or breathing places beside the nostrils'. White did not bother to dissect the head himself! A dissection here would have shown him his error at once, for these structures are glandular and do not connect up with the respiratory system in any way. Their true nature was not shown until Jacob published his paper in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions* 1835.

White thought that the swallows (*hirundines*) hide during the winter and do not migrate; that 'wheatears do not appear to be taken west of the Arun'—here he seemingly forgets that birds fly, and that 'the threads sometimes discovered in eels are perhaps their young'. In reality they are worms parasitic in the intestine. Like his contemporaries White is weak in his classification of amphibians. 'A large black warty lizard with a fin tail and yellow belly drawn from a deep well' must be the crested newt (*Triton cristatus*). He knew the oestrus (really *Gastrophilus equi*), but the eggs do not fall to the ground as he states. He thought that *Pulex irritans*, the common flea, infested both human beds and sand martins alike. He failed to see adaptive resemblances in the structure of living birds, else he might have hit on the 'induced persistence of type' theory of Lang.

It is of course grossly unfair to apply modern standards to an eighteenth century worker. When we remember the general state of the science of zoology in his day, we are glad to note how White's accurate observations and practical knowledge of his subjects have rendered him more free from error than perhaps any of his contemporaries. His statements require to-day little correction and explanation.

That he was keen and at the same time practical is shown by his dissecting the nightjar to note the contents of its stomach; his hastening to see the Duke of Richmond's moose; his joy at receiving a hybrid pheasant from Lord Stanwell and making his 'autopsia' on it; his vain search for torpid swallows; and, finally, his paying children to bring him specimens.

In conclusion, we may note that though many germs of modern biological theories seem to be found in White's pages, we have no proof that he himself thought of them in any way other than that of observations. We have already seen that he was not speculative because he lived in a non-speculative age. Like his contemporaries, he believed in fixity of species, and accepted the well established system of teleology, or final causes of his day. After all, he was by profession a clergyman leading a very routine life. We marvel at his stopping short so often in his investigations seemingly just when a little more work might have led to some new discovery or line of thought. He so often notes the matter then at once dismisses it; the foot of the swift as already mentioned and the beetles in Lathraea. Here he made no attempt to find out what kinds of coleoptera occur, though he knew about the cross-fertilisation of flowers. The tragus of the bat's ear and the spiracula of the deer are other examples where White fails characteristically to follow through. We wonder if all these are not cases of that 'daemon of procrastination' of which in one passage he complains of being troubled all his life. Still we cannot be too hard on White, for, as Miall says, 'promising boys in an elementary school to-day are taught many things which the observant and well read Gilbert White never came to know.'

White's work itself is extremely valued on the purely literary side mainly for its pleasing style and the varied and agreeable information contained within it. John Miles his friend and correspondent wrote 'No man communicates the pleasures of his excursions or makes the world partake of them in a more useful manner than you do'. With Ruskin's praise 'the only example of a proper manner of contribution to natural history is in White's *Letters from Selborne*', we do not agree, but then Ruskin was not a Zoologist.

White undoubtedly remains the quiet scholar and patient observer.

W. RAE SHERRIFFS.



WITH HUDSON IN HAMPSHIRE

IN NEW FOREST

I

"O! for a lodge in some vast wilderness
Some boundless contiguity of shade"

COWPER'S TASK.

IN the writer's experience it is disappointing to find how few of the inhabitants of the places which Hudson has described, and even lived in for considerable periods, are aware of the distinction which their localities have gained. Even the parsons of the parishes will ask the most innocent questions when approached on the subject; and as for their parishioners, notwithstanding the convenient County Lending Library Scheme, they generally know nothing either of the author or his works. The stranger within their gates, however, often does like to tread in the footprints of history—even natural history, and this must be my excuse, if excuse be needed, for returning to the subject of Hudson in Hampshire.

The book *Hampshire Days*, begins:

'Here, by chance, in the early days of December 1902, at the very spot where my book begins. I am about to bring it to an end'.

That ending contains the observations, descriptions, and reflections arising from a ten weeks' sojourn in a fishing lodge on the banks of the Itchen. The beginning has reference to several lengthy periods spent in the southern portion of the New Forest. Scarcely anywhere does the author definitely name the spots of which he so lovingly treats. But he gives such precise indications and particular descriptions, that the places are readily identifiable by anyone familiar with the localities. This, in one instance, was exemplified in last year's *Wessex*, and, with the reader's indulgence, will be further illustrated now from the same book in so far as it deals with the southern part of the forest.

The first indication of locality is the passage in Chapter I describing the pleasure of walking

'by the Boldre, or, as some call it, the Lymington, a slow, tame stream in summer, invisible till you are close to it; but now, (Decr.) in flood, the trees that grow on its banks and hid it in summer are seen standing in a broad, rushing, noisy river'.

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As we shall find later, this extract shows up with photographic distinctness the part of the river near whose banks Mr. Hudson was lodging. The bird-language which follows may be heard in a thousand places elsewhere ; but it required an original artist to etch the following

' the starlings about the house all day long, vocal even in the rain, carrying on their perpetual starling conversation—talk and song and recitative ; a sort of bird-Yiddish, with fluty fragments of melody, stolen from the blackbird, and whistle and click and the music of the triangle thrown in to give variety '.

The present writer remembers hearing another original bird observer—W. Warde Fowler—say, in a lecture, that the starlings round his house at Kingham endeavoured to imitate the most various sounds, one of them reproducing with remarkable accuracy, the 'clank,' of the manor pump. This bears out Hudson's triangle music, the fact of which is arresting.

The next indication, is found in the following passage in the same paragraph.

' I heard only the nightly music of the tawny owl, fluting and hallooing far and near, bird answering bird in the oak woods all along the swollen stream from Brockenhurst to Boldre '.

The author is writing of 'mild evenings' therefore the sound would carry equally far in all directions. We have really spotted the 'lodge in the wilderness' already; for if the reader will look at an ordnance map he will find, almost exactly midway between the villages named, the house in which Hudson delighted to sojourn.

But let us hasten slowly ; and, with Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and Bruce, 'mak siccar'.¹

On the same page of *Hampshire Days* as the above we have

' the house, too, that gave me shelter must be spoken of ; for never have I known any human habitation in a land where people are discovered dwelling in so many secret, green, out-of-the-world places, which had so much of nature in and about it. . . ' A small old picturesque red-brick house with high-pitched roof and tall chimneys a great part of it overrun with ivy and creepers, the walls and tiled roof stained by time and many-coloured lichen to a richly variegated greyish red. The date of the house, cut in a stone tablet in one of the rooms, was 1692. In front there was no lawn, but a walled plot of ground with old, once ornamental trees and bushes symmetrically placed—yews both spreading and cypress-shaped Irish yew, and tall tapering juniper, and arbor vitæ ; it was a sort of formal garden which had long thrown off its formality '.

¹ See Sir Walter Scott's Note 12 to *The Lord of the Isles*.

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Other particulars are given, both in this place and further on, which a perusal of Chapter I will reveal.

‘The river was quite near the house—not half a minute from the front door, though hidden from sight by the trees on its banks’.

Note this last, together with the porch; the tall chimneys; the formal garden run wild; the evergreen trees and shrubs; the magnolia and the numerous outbuildings also mentioned, and nothing further is needed for complete identification.

The visitor may not find the house to be as small as he has been led to suppose. It is small only in comparison, with such houses as Brockenhurst Manor, and the forest lodges of Rhinefield, Lady Cross, Denny and Ashurst. Again, he will not find the tumbledown farm buildings or the thicket growing close up to the garden fence as was the case thirty years ago. This latter has been grubbed, and, in its place, there is now an unfenced, and constantly cut lawn, between the garden wall and the road; and the garden itself has resumed its formality.

Notwithstanding all this, he will unhesitatingly name ‘Roydon Manor’ or ‘Farm’ as it then was, and as it still appears on the map, as the place of the author’s leafy abode.

The stone tablet mentioned is strangely placed, being high up on the inside wall of a nondescript sort of room. The writer regrets that he did not examine, when he had the opportunity of doing so, whether this wall, might have been an outer one at some time, in the same way that the wall bearing the remains of the rood in Headbourne Worthy Church was on the outside, what time the Canterbury Pilgrims made their devotions at the foot of it. The addition of a vestry converted this wall into an inner one.

The Roydon tablet, besides the date 1692, bears two sets of initials, one of which is G.H. The letters must represent the name of a former owner for Gresham Hussy of Roydon bought from John Carey, in 1703, the house which has always been known as ‘Careys’.

This John Carey was Riding Forester to Charles II. He must have been a steward of the unfaithful kind who was wise in his generation, and winked the other eye when Charles gave the timber of Kings Copse, New Copse and Irons Hill to Winifred Wells, one of the Court ladies. The Lord Treasurer was of sterner stuff for he effectually stopped another transaction of the same kind, as he had done a previous one in which Francis Wells was the petitioner.

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It is to be hoped that the King's better side was shown in the case of the Treasurer as it was in that of Prebendary Ken at Winchester, who refused Nell Gwyn a lodging in his house. This brave little man was promoted by Charles to the bishopric of Bath and Wells.

Hudson speaks of Roydon (without naming it) as 'a farm originally a manor'. It was a farm at that time, but all the land excepting a paddock has since been let off, and, in name at least, it is a manor again, and a private residence. The whole place is as trim as a war-ship and as spick and span as a coastguard station. Ruinous barns, pig-sties and cowsheds, have disappeared; the outside stair of the granary has been removed, and the building itself converted into a cottage. But the oak woods and hidden river remain; the ford and wooden foot-bridge making a beautiful picture—the Mecca of many a saunter of country lovers (country lovers in more senses than one) from Brockenhurst and Boldre. Altogether a delectable spot indeed in which to observe bird, animal and insect life.

'It was an ideal spot for birds. I have never in England seen so many breeding close together'.

Speaking of the members of the household who relieved him at times from his watch on the young cuckoo in the robin's nest, he says:

'Without going farther than a hundred yards from the house in any direction, they could put their hands in nests, in trees and bushes, and on the ground, and in the ivy, and in the old outhouse, and handle and count about a hundred and thirty young birds not yet able to fly'.

The observations on the young cuckoo just mentioned occupy more space than any other subject in this chapter, and they agree exactly with those given by W. Warde Fowler just about the same time, and by Dr. Jenner before him.

Wise, the historian of the Forest, says that the name Roydon means 'rough ground' and rough it must have appeared in the old days as it was approached from Brockenhurst and Boldre, Setley and Dilton. Now a motor car can run right up to the house from three out of the four places named. The reader would be well advised, however, to do this journey on Shanks's mare by the old bridle path from Brockenhurst. From the S.E. side of the railway a road branches off to the left, close to the station, and another—Church Lane—a few yards farther on. The latter should be taken, which, without disparagement to other counties, Dorset in

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particular, one is apt to describe as a typical Devonshire lane. After passing the church with its iron bound oak and great yew, and the ornamental gates of the principal entrance to Brockenhurst Manor, the walker will find, not many yards beyond the bend in the lane, a wicket-gate on the left. This opens into the bridle path mentioned, and the part of the Forest known as Whitley Ridge Walk. He will cross a bit of Roydon Common,—pass an overgrown gravel pit on the right,—go through a gate into Roydon Wood,—pass close to an empty game-keeper's cottage on the left,—and presently find himself in the lane from Setley. After a few more paces to the left the pedestrian will reach the front of Roydon Manor House. Lastly, a hundred or two yards still farther on, and the ford and bridge are reached. The whole two miles is a lovely, sequestered, undulating, heathy and woody walk, reminiscent of the descriptions in the *Idylls of the King*.

II

‘Birds and beasts,
And mute fish that glances in the stream,
And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,
In his capacious mind he loved them all;
Their rights acknowledging, he felt for all’.

Wordsworth's *Excursion*.

At the beginning of Chapter II the author specifies his country as ‘between Boldre and Exe’, and by the end, he has got beyond the last named valley. To summarize his movement from Roydon, without suggesting for a moment a single journey, he has passed Dilton; crossed the Beaulieu Heath which lies in Lady Cross Walk, digressing as he goes on the rights and wrongs of the humble foresters, and of the future of this national recreation ground. He has gone by the crescent-shaped Hatchet Pond and arrived at the oak woods of Beaulieu. He noted the statuesque heron standing in the shallow water watching for a fish, as, with luck, he might have been able to note the Isle of Wight Parson, or cormorant, perching on the old stump near the Abbey with the same object as the heron. He heard the splash, and saw the swallow escape as by a miracle from the dash of a big pike. He noted the village itself with its ‘grey ivied ruin’ as having a ‘distinction above all Hampshire villages’. After Beaulieu he must have climbed the hill without turning aside for the Monks’ Well which once supplied the Abbey with water through wooden

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pipes ; for, at the end, we find him on the other Beaulieu Heath which stretches from Hill Top to Dibden Purlieu.

How do we know this ? Well, read in Chapter II, and three parts of the way through it, of the Pixie mounds ' which rise like little islands out of the desolate brown waste '.

One evening in a mood of ' world-strangeness ' he

' went to one of those lonely barrows ; one that rises to a height of nine or ten feet above the level heath and is about fifty yards round. It is a garden in the brown desert, covered over with a dense growth of furze bushes... mixed with bramble and elder and thorn, and heather in great clumps.... Here, sheltered by the bushes, I sat and saw the sun go down, and the long twilight deepen till the oak woods of Beaulieu in the west looked black on the horizon '.

To the *West* mark !

Chapter III appears to begin on the spot where Chapter II ended.

' Looking away from Beaulieu towards Southampton Water there is seen on the border of the brown heath a long line of tall firs, a vast dark grove forming the horizon on that side. This is the edge of an immense wood, and beyond the pines which grow by the heath, it is almost exclusively oak with an undergrowth of holly '.

Here are two horizons, the oak woods of Beaulieu to the west and the row of firs to the east. By this token we know that the ' immense wood ' is King's Copse, and the place of observation must be somewhere near the Hill Top and Fawley Road on the second Beaulieu Heath. That line of firs runs along the Manor Bank which is the boundary of Exbury Manor. Most fortunately the pines were spared when the whole of the east side of the little vale of the Dark Water just beyond, was cleared during the war for trench props and boards.

As for the barrow. I think that the one in *The White Company*, west of Penerley, where the Bailiff of Southampton, who said ' I am the Law ' ! slew the two masterless men, could be identified west of Culverley Farm on Black Down. But the task is more difficult here.

Mr. Sumner says that there are fifty-four barrows or ' butts ' on the two Beaulieu Heaths, and the part we have arrived at does not lack its due proportion. Some account of them will be found in Wise.

He would be a bold man who would say, of any, ' This is the very barrow on which Hudson sat at eventide and let his spirit go out to claim brotherhood with those of the prehistoric men whose bones lay beneath him.' But two such barrows can be pointed out which correspond nearly with that described. A quarter of a mile east of the inn at Hill Top, and on the north side of the road to Fawley, the observer will first see a line of

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three barrows slanting E.N.E. To obtain a side view, and the better to avoid swampy ground in reaching them, at least another quarter of a mile should be travelled. They are shown on the 1-inch ordnance map, and are roughly one and two hundred yards apart respectively. What they look like may be seen in the illustration at the end of Chapter XVII of Wise's *New Forest*. The one nearest the road is ruled out by its size, and by the fact of its not being sufficiently overgrown. The other two agree in every particular—situation, height, circumference, and overgrowth of plants and bushes. The third is more densely covered than the second, and a man might sit on either, even stand on the third, and yet remain hidden from any other wayfarer on the heath. From here he could face Beaulieu approximately to the west; and, in the opposite direction 'the long line of tall firs' bordering the 'immense wood' through which the little stream named Dark Water flows. On the whole the third barrow best fits the description.

There is another pair of barrows farther eastward on the south side of the road. The second of these is well overgrown, and from it both the Beaulieu woods and the pines to the east may be seen, but only the tops of them. The horizon therefore is not so well marked, and the mounds do not rise so strikingly out of the desolate brown waste like little islands. To the present writer, at least, the third of the first mentioned barrows was probably the scene of Hudson's vision.

The observations and descriptions of this locality, which might have been named as, 'between Exe and Southampton Water,' extend to the end of Chapter VI, with one or two harkings back to 'between Boldre and Exe.' The reader must be left to his own resources if he would locate the forest gate of the bodiless but living stag-beetle; the long dead glow-worm still capable of giving out a light; the unkept hedges of the 'lesser', or, as Hudson would like to call it, the 'better whitethroat'; and the boggy ground where 'heath and wood meet but do not mingle', and where the author got such delightful thrills in watching adders. The reader will find such snaky places if he take the footpath westward alongside the pines to Otterwood, or, as it is locally known, Pepper's Gate, on the Hill Top—Exbury Road. Mr. Hudson's abode however, where he spent three successive Junes, Julys and Augusts, must be pointed out.

'This wood [Kings Copse] with its surrounding heaths, bogs and farm-lands, has been my favourite resort and hunting-ground for some years past. With a farm-house not many minutes' walk from the forest for a home, I have spent long weeks at a time, rambling in the woods every day and all day long'.

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'At the farm there are two very old yew trees growing in the back-yard, and one of these, in an advanced state of decay is full of holes and cavities in its large branches. Here about half a dozen pairs of starlings nest every year. . . .

'Some had their [hunting] grounds in the meadow just before the house where the cows and geese were, and it was easy to watch their movements'.

From the barrows on the Hill Top—Fawley Road, going eastward, the road dips down to Iper's Bridge, with its tavern, a small holding, and a few cottages where the Dark Water is crossed. Half a mile further on, on the right hand or south side, one comes to the back of the farm-house of which we are in search. It is Rollstone Farm and is shewn on the map. Don't go to the front at first, but turn in here as everybody else does. A farmer seldom uses his front door. By so doing a better impression will be got of the old-time appearance of the farm. There will be seen the old wooden cow-sheds, a fragrant midden-heap, a duck pond, and, more to the point than all these, 'the two very old yew trees growing in the back-yard'.

The house itself looks very modern, especially when seen from the front. It must have been rebuilt in comparatively recent years. The front outlook is on the meadow mentioned above with its cows, geese and starlings. The house is just outside the Forest but quite close to King's Copse. There have been so many villas and bungalows built on the Hythe and Fawley side that the locality has become quite suburban. This was inevitable, but unfortunate in this instance, for Hudson was as good a hater as any whom Dr. Johnson loved, and he hated surburbanity like the devil.

For this reason it is much better to approach the house from the Hill Top rather than from the Fawley side, although even there a number of small properties are springing up. Further on Hudson speaks of the unkept hedges east of the wood in the parishes of Fawley and Exbury, and in the wood itself he 'sought and found the stream named the Dark Water'. It is therefore seen that we have got our locality right, and there is no doubt about the identity of the farm-house, although the farmer himself may not be able to throw any light on the subject; and his oldest labourer will probably not know that the near-by stream bears the name of Dark Water.

Dean Stanley somewhere observes that the next best thing to being present at an event is to visit the scene of it. In this spirit it is good to make pilgrimages even in these latter days; and the saunters suggested are well worth while as they double the delight which the Forest is capable of giving at all times and seasons.

J. W. LINDLEY.

CAREERS FOR BIOLOGISTS

IN the last issue of *Wessex*, June 1st, 1930, there appeared an article by Dr. P. T. Freeman, entitled 'Natural Science in the Secondary School', and I noted with interest the following passage:

'It remains to note with great satisfaction the recent and rapid advance in the teaching of Biology in the Secondary Schools. Botany has been taught—principally to girls—for many years and generally with a view to examinations. But the whole subject is now seen to be forcing its way to the front. One difficulty at the moment is the dearth of teachers qualified in the subject, particularly in boys' schools. This problem should be solved within the next few years. It is thought that no one will deny the need for this teaching. It is the only opportunity offered to pupils to study something which is living and growing: it gives them a vastly increased interest in the objects seen daily on every hand, and begets a real sympathy with and reverence for the same: by implication, it teaches them facts of life in the best possible way, and gives them a healthy and natural idea of sex: it is closely bound up with nutrition and hygiene: and to take lower ground, there is a ready market, especially in the Empire, for the trained, qualified Biologist'.

It happens that during the past year, I have been presiding over a Committee set up by the Economic Advisory Council with the following terms of reference, 'To consider the obstacles which stand in the way of the education and supply of Biologists for work in this country and overseas, and to submit recommendations for the removal of such obstacles'. We hope to report in the course of the next few weeks and our Report will deal very fully with the matter. It would be improper for me to anticipate the publication of the findings in our Report, but the importance of the problem entrusted to us for investigation is so great that I venture to write a few words on the subject in the hope that my readers will read the Report when published. In other words, I desire this short article to act as a sort of puff preliminary. I may say that I am in general agreement with what Dr. Freeman has said in the paragraph quoted above from his article. It is gratifying to find an advance in the teaching of Biology in the Secondary Schools, but as yet, it is undoubtedly insufficient. The production and supply of Biologists falls far short of what is required for Public Service, for Industry and for Teaching. No doubt Dr. Freeman is right when he points to the dearth of teachers as one great difficulty. I cannot help thinking, however, that he is somewhat optimistic in his belief that this problem will be solved within the next few years. Dr. Freeman dwells rightly on the cultural value of the teaching of Biology in the schools, and it is clear that public opinion is coming round gradually to his view. But

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the special point in his paper, to which I wish to draw the attention of my readers, is contained in his words, 'to take lower ground, there is a ready market, especially in the Empire, for the trained and qualified Biologist'.

There are two points of view from which I desire to approach this statement.

1. The Empire needs Biologists.
2. The general ignorance which prevails with regard to careers for Biologists.

We, who live at home, sometimes forget the very rapid development of our Colonial Empire in recent times, and more particularly of the tropical Dependencies. Collectively, the Colonial Empire, i.e., the Colonies, Protectorates and Mandated Territories, exclusive of the self-governing Dominions and India, comprises an area of 2,000,000 square miles, containing a population of over 50,000,000, of whom approximately, 40,000,000 are Africans by race. During the last twenty years, the overseas trade of these Colonies has trebled and now amounts to over £500,000,000. Practically the whole of this wealth is represented by agricultural production.

Turning now to the personnel required for this great Empire, and confining myself to the demands of the Colonial Office, there are in the Colonial Service, excluding the Medical Service, approximately 800 appointments for which Biologists are required, and of these, 340 have been created since 1921. The Colonial Agricultural Service employs 443 Officers, of whom 319 are Agricultural Officers and 124 Specialists. The Veterinary Service comprises 136 Officers of whom eighteen are Specialists. While there are 177 Officers in the Forestry Service including five Specialists. The Colonial Agricultural Veterinary and Forestry Services are likely to take about sixty men per annum, of whom not more than one third will be required to be Specialists. I alluded above to the fact that 340 of the appointments had been created since 1921. We have had it stated in evidence that so far from this expansion showing any signs of ending, it may be said to be only just beginning.

I must confess that I was amazed when these figures were given to the Committee, and I doubt whether many of the general public are aware of this great Colonial Service. We are all fully cognizant of the yearly appointments made to the great Home and Indian Civil Services. Every boy knows that these careers are open to him, but few, I doubt, have before their minds the opportunities offered to them in our Colonial

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Empire, and the result of this ignorance is to be seen in the fact that nearly all Colonial Agricultural Departments are under-manned; and the Candidates, who offer themselves for this Service, are insufficient both in quantity and quality.

Here, then, is an opportunity which is open to the youth of this country. I am sure it has only to become generally known for the supply of candidates to equal the demand. It may be remembered that some years ago, the Public saw money and careers for their sons in the application of Chemistry and Physics to Industry. Hence, a rush of students to those two Sciences. Recently public attention has been drawn to careers in and through Biology—hence the advance in the teaching of Biology in the Secondary Schools to which Dr. Freeman has alluded.

But much leeway has to be made up. Our Services are under-manned, and our Empire suffers in consequence. I can only hope that our Report may so stimulate interest that a ready response will be forthcoming.

But one word of warning—I have spoken only of the need; I have said nothing as to the terms of service, of pay or pensions, nor would it be possible for me to do so. At present it requires a Blue-book to set them out, and no general statement would be fair or adequate; and after all attractiveness in such matters is always relative to the individual. It may be said of Scientists generally, that there are many who look to the work done as the main incentive to adopt a career in Science. But it is a reasonable demand on the part of the majority, that, when they are considering a life career, they should be assured an attractive pecuniary recompense during the period of their working life and the prospects of an adequate pension on retirement. To them I would say—inquire of the Colonial Office. That Department will give you full information. I have discharged my task in bringing to the notice of my readers a service about which little is known, but the importance of which to the Empire is vital.

CHELMSFORD.



EXCEPT FOR ONE LAPSE

THE Range Launch *Sortie* floated lazily on the Rangoon river, waiting—her targets trailing down stream below her—for orders from the Fort to 'go on course'. It was an afternoon in September, the air absolutely still and saturated, for the hot sun was soaking up the downfall of several months of the rainy season, gathering it up in ascending currents that condensed above in great towering clouds whose heads rose to such dizzy heights that their iridescent pinnacles showed signs of ice. The river banks—a mile away on either side—showed but a fringe of mud, behind which extended miles of still bright green rice fields; only to the north was the wide horizon broken by the great Shwe Dagon, a golden pyramid flashing in the sun. A pall of smoke up stream half hid the black funnelled B.I. steamers and the fat rice-burdened tramps at anchor in the Port. The only sound was the gurgling of the tide against the *Sortie's* bows: and, as the launch had been on duty since breakfast time, the party was practically asleep in the afternoon heat. The Range Officer dozed in a camp chair placed near his 'rake', over which shots from the Fort are measured so much 'short' or 'over'. Just under him he could see Trumpeter Havard, the 'goalie' of the gunners' eleven, explaining to his mates the astonishing final in the regimental tournament, about which the whole of Rangoon was talking. It had been an extraordinary game, in the first half of which each side had scored ten goals, in the presence of goalkeepers and full-backs who seemed to be completely paralysed. After this bewildering half-hour play settled down to a hard-fought match in which no goals at all were scored; and the match had to be played again. The gist of the story is as follows: Ah Sin, a wealthy distinguished townsman (his money chiefly acquired by opium smuggling) was a confirmed gambler, as are all of his race; and had staked a very large sum on this match. Regimental tournaments are known to be played in a manner above suspicion, and are popular among gamblers, whereas the Turf east of Suez is no place for an honest man. Now Ah Sin was taking no risks and through a discreet agent approached Trumpeter Havard, and arranged that for every goal let through he would pay two hundred rupees. It must be admitted that he was rather surprised at his offer being accepted—and he actually agreed to the conditions, that each goal must be paid for on the ground—to another 'discreet agent'. It only occurred to Ah Sin after he had paid for his ten goals that there was a catch in it somewhere, and he left the ground vowing vengeance on the gunners in general and Havard in particular. Needless to say the regimental sports

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funds of both sides greatly benefited by this match. The Range Officer had, it is to be feared, been too interested in this story, for the next message he received from his signallers asked what the h—— the launch was waiting for. The serang rang his telegraph, whereupon the launch backed instead of going ahead, and began winding the tow-rope round the propeller. The Range Officer leapt up, scattered his observing apparatus all over the deck, and ran astern to get the targets clear, and then back to get ready again. Meanwhile Gunner Johnson, clearing away the rear target, had lost his balance and disappeared into the river. Nobody saw him fall: the Range Officer had run back to collect his scattered gear, and the signallers were busy collecting sulphurous messages from the Port. The currents, running downwards, as the tide ebbed into deep water from the shoals, sucked him down and carried him a long way under the surface before he emerged, grasping wildly at something floating on the river, which he found, to his horror, to be the 'admiral'—a small float on which a flag is mounted, placed exactly half way between the 'leading' and 'rear' targets, which, some hundred feet apart, represent an enemy ship. The rear target was only fifty feet away, and could be reached by climbing along the floating tow-rope, but Johnson could not swim a stroke, and dared not leave go of the 'admiral', though it gave him little support, and would be almost certain to be hit during the shoot, whereas the rear target would be comparatively safe—at any rate after the ranging shots had got the line. To add to his horror he felt the 'admiral' beginning to move through the water with increasing speed, and realised that he had not been missed or seen, and that the Fort would soon be concentrating eighteen rounds of solid shot upon his precarious hold. He had not long to wait, for the first salvo went a hundred yards over, sending up two great forty-foot high geysers. The next salvo was fifty yards short, and well corrected for 'line' and the solid shot rico'd screaming over his head. But blind instinct made him hold on all the tighter to the bobbing 'admiral'. Now for 'gunfire' he thought, when both guns would be loosed off as fast as they could be loaded, and the 'admiral' would become the centre of a maelstrom of foam. Johnson suddenly found himself right under, and the rapid motion ceased. He began to think he was already dead, and then found himself grasping the stout raft that carried the rear target. A shot had cut the tow-rope between the leading target and the 'admiral', and set it and the rear target adrift. The momentum of the rear target had carried it right on top of the 'admiral', and, to his joy, he saw the shots concentrated just behind the leading target, now tearing off away from him. He managed to scramble on to the raft, and lay in it too exhausted to move. The whole

affair had not lasted three minutes, and he was only missed when the shoot was over, and nobody could believe his eyes when the exhausted man was found on the rear target. Now this was exciting enough, and Gunner Johnson would in the ordinary way have become the hero of a departmental enquiry, but he was destined to become involved in a much more tragic affair but two days afterwards.

The weather continued hot, and the two years' constant watching for, I suppose, the possible arrival of the German High Sea Fleet, some 8,000 miles away, had begun to pall on the gunners in the local Defences. Some grew weary of thin canteen beer, which all British soldiers in India believe to be watered 'by them — civilians in Simla', and Johnson and one Trumpeter Havard broke barracks one evening, crossed over the narrow bridge spanning the creek behind the Fort, and went to Ramasawmy's liquor shop for something more fiery. They were only too successful, for Johnson's memory of the whole evening was so hazy that he could recall nothing in it. Now as ill luck would have it, in their wanderings round the village, they surprised a group of Burmese damsels drawing their evening's supply from the well. Their laughter attracted Trumpeter Havard, who, catching one of them as she was engaged in pouring a kerosene tin full of water down her shapely back, encircled her bare waist with his hairy arm. What he intended to do no one knows, for the united screams of the maidenhood of the village brought the village headman on to the scene, followed (at a considerable distance, it must be admitted) by outraged fathers and brothers. Now, putting your arm round a girl's waist is one thing in the West, but quite another thing in the East, where a girl can be ruined for life by being discovered merely hand in hand with someone not her husband. To save her reputation the Burmese village maiden, caught in a compromising situation, will without a qualm bring the most appalling charges against her lover, and get him years in jail,—and the village will expect it of her, whatever it may really believe! And yet, I am informed, their reaction to such displays of affection is, in private, much the same as in other countries. Anyway, here was a 'serious incident',—and the headman was very objectionable. Havard, who had heard so many barrack-room stories ending in the hammering of a — native, proceeded to carry out his ideas in the matter of maintaining racial prestige, but the headman was an Upper Burman who had in his day been a boxer,—under rules which forbid only biting,—and Havard found himself knocked over by a well-aimed kick. He got up with a vague feeling that somebody ought to blow a whistle or something, and muttering something about 'foul', drew his gunner's knife from his belt

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and drove it into the headman's ribs. The headman dropped dead, and the two gunners fled. Johnson ran for the bridge, though he risked being observed crossing it,—Harvard dashed into the creek, and taking advantage of the gathering darkness, swam round into the main river, landed on the glacis of the fort and slipped in unobserved. The villagers giving chase a long way behind, did not venture to cross the creek into military ground. Meanwhile the villagers had gone off to report the affair to the local police station; and several hours elapsed, spent in laborious recording of statements in the station diary, before the police entered the Fort. The wires to Simla were busy too, for the Government of India, from Viceroy to the youngest Under-Secretary, made such incidents as this their peculiar care,—for provincial governments had been known, in the past, to have shown a scandalous lack of zeal in bringing the offender to justice. Only a few miles away, several years ago, a similar affair had led to the banishment of a well-known British regiment to Aden, to the dismissal of some of its officers, and the forced resignation of high civil officials. There were, then, to be no mistakes this time, and Mg Ba San, in charge of the Police Station and investigating officer, was on his mettle. Unfortunately none of the villagers could describe either of the soldiers, though they were quite clear on the point that one of them took no part whatever in the fight. To the Burman all British soldiers resemble each other so closely that nothing will persuade the country Burman but that they are bred in barracks on eugenic principles. The Territorial battalions, replacing the Regulars at the beginning of the War, recruited as they were from quite a different class, led to the belief that all our real soldiers had been slain by the Germans. To Ba San's intense joy, however, a valuable clue appeared, for Johnson's sheath-knife was found in the village. He had dropped it in a drunken effort to open up a cocoa-nut. This was a good beginning, and after Ba San had made the witnesses' lives a continual burden to them, and the village had been threatened with all kinds of penalties for burking crime, and had had to suffer a never-ending succession of visits from every kind of official, black and white, three of the witnesses were prepared to 'identify' the culprit if they saw him. The identification parade was all that it should be. Fifty gunners, carefully dressed alike, paraded at the Fort—in the presence of the C.R.A., the B.C., the D.S.P. and the S.D.O. and every other letter in the alphabet (all equally important and officious). Every precaution was taken—the witnesses segregated and brought up one by one under magisterial escort, to prevent coaching by the police; the parade was reshuffled between each identification, and yet all three witnesses, after the usual dramatic (and entirely simulated) hesitation

demanding on such occasions, picked out Gunner Johnson. That settled it, anyway, and Gunner Johnson, reserving his defence, was committed for trial in the Chief Court. Justice in the East can sometimes be very swift, and it was on a blistering October day that the jury listened, under the whirring fans, to the prosecution witnesses. It appeared to be a straightforward case, and the judge, a well-connected Bar failure recently exported from Home, was frankly bored. The only untoward event was the chemical examiner's report on Johnson's knife. The examiner was on leave and the Burman assistant, in the manner characteristic of his nation, had mixed up the papers relating to it, so that, to Ba San's patent astonishment, it was reported on as showing no blood, but only the stains of betel juice,—for Ba San had, at considerable inconvenience to himself, made the necessary incision in his own arm for supplying the essential fluid. The Court prosecutor closed his case at the end of the day, the jury dispersed to their homes, and thence to the Gymkhana Club for a real and comfortable discussion of the case in the bar. Mcarthy, counsel for the defence, dined alone at home, doing his best to keep his head clear. He had been unable to shake the witnesses in cross-examination, the accused himself had been too drunk to remember anything, and Trumpeter Havard was a typical Bermondsey dock-rat, who would cheerfully have seen his own brother hanged for his crime. He was not free from suspicion, and was in fact strongly suspected by his mates of being the culprit, but had denied all knowledge of the affair. While Mcarthy lay in his long chair, in a decidedly despondent state, his Burmese boy told him that Ah Sin wished to speak to him on a very urgent matter. To his astonishment Ah Sin came straight to his point,—he had evidence of the utmost value for the defence. Now Ah Sin, as has been mentioned, was a large scale smuggler of opium, and two of his confederates had been actually concealed among the twisted mangrove jungle that covers the muddy banks of all tidal rivers in the East, their ostensible occupation being spearing fish. They had not, of course, seen the stabbing affair, but had heard the girl's screams and the hubbub that followed on the headman's death: immediately after which a soldier had leapt down almost upon them, pushed a knife he held in his hand down into the mud, into which he had firmly pushed it with his foot, and had then leapt into the water, and had swum down the creek in the direction of the Fort. Now, Ah Sin had selected this particular spot for the landing of his opium, and was the last person to give away his secret. Of course he, personally, had nothing to risk, for he had squared all the local officials concerned, and only his confederates would have to go to jail in case of conviction,—where they

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would go quite uncomplainingly, as part of the system,—but it would mean the re-arranging of his landing plans. On the other hand, he had been for weeks, nursing his grievance against the gunners' 'goalie', and here was his chance of vengeance,—to get him in the dock on a murder charge. That he would at the same time be clearing an entirely innocent man, needless to say, was *not* a motive in Ah Sin's mind,—the sense of justice in the Oriental is rigidly limited to the righting of his own wrongs,—or his family's! He had hesitated all this time, till he realised he would lose his prey for good, but what clinched it was the discovery of his 'cache' by Ba San in the course of his investigations into this case. One would have thought that this would have kept Ah Sin, or anyway his two confederates, from mixing themselves up in the case, but matters in the East are not settled in that simple way. Ba San found out about Ah Sin and wanted a big price for silence: Ah Sin offered much less, and Ba San went off and laid information with the Customs officials. This was rank treachery in Ah Sin's mind, and he determined to wreck Ba San's case, and if possible, his career. Would his witnesses be protected from prosecution if they admitted their presence in the mangrove swamp,—at Ah Sin's 'cache' in fact? Mcarthy assured Ah Sin that nothing they revealed for the benefit of justice would be used against them,—and there was no evidence of their concern with the opium, except their own statements. However, Mcarthy rang up the district magistrate, who assured him that no proceedings would be taken in the matter of the opium if the witnesses told what they knew in Court. Next day, then, in a hurried interview in the jail, Mcarthy told Gunner Johnson of his new evidence, evidence which would make a conviction improbable (and convictions of fellow Europeans by European juries are not easy to obtain, however indignantly such juries would deny it). The defence witnesses, however, were not an entire success. The prosecution line was to challenge, not their story, but their identification of Trumpeter Havard as the soldier they saw. When asked if they had seen him before they unsuspectingly said 'yes', but both backed out when they recollected that their last meeting with the gunners' 'goalie' related to the cash payment for the ten goals,—for they had a suspicion that bribing a 'government' goal-keeper might be punishable with a fearful sentence! It was at this stage that Johnson himself for the first time took an intelligent part in his defence,—he pulled Mcarthy's sleeve and whispered something in his ear, but Mcarthy shook his head. It was no good telling the Court that Gunner Johnson couldn't swim, for Johnson couldn't go into the box himself, and it would be impossible to prove such a statement. However, there was nothing left to do, and Mcarthy thought he'd try, so he stated that

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it was his intention to establish that the accused could not swim. It was easy to put half a dozen of his comrades in the box, for the gunners themselves suspected Havard and would have sworn anything in reason. They assented, with the most astonishing corroborative detail, that again and again Johnson had shown his inability to swim. The jury were unconvinced, and the judge began to put on his well known superior smile, but someone handed up a slip of paper with a name of a gunner officer present in Court, asking if he could give evidence. It was, in fact, our friend the Range Officer, who gave a brief description of Johnson's adventure on the targets. It was easy for Mearthy to persuade the jury that a man in Johnson's position would, if he could swim, at once have let go the 'admiral',—the rear target, after all, was but fifty feet away and travelling towards him at a good speed, and a few strokes only would have kept him afloat even if he lost hold of the tow-rope. Johnson was acquitted after a few minutes' discussion. It was too late for the police to prosecute Havard. Had Ba San not been over-zealous and forced his witnesses to 'identify' Johnson, they could have turned on Havard, but Havard would only have had to call the villagers up to swear again that they saw Johnson commit the crime,—or admit that they had been suborned by the police,—so the official police attitude (whatever some of their officers privately believed) had to remain one of extreme indignation at the acquittal of a man against whom they had proved their case. But the Army decided, departmentally, that Havard had not only committed the murder, but had tried to get a comrade hanged for it, and he was discharged. I once examined his conduct sheet. It made no mention of the crime, but the entry under 'conduct' read 'Satisfactory except for one lapse'.

RANDAL CASSON.



THE SPIRIT MOCKING MAN

by MARY L. HACKER

I am the river gushing from my vein,
I am the sodden glory of the earth,
I am the cry of sorrow and of mirth,
Breath of the rose intoxicate with rain,

I am in light, and where the shadows reign,
And I am in abundance and in dearth,
I am your body and I am your birth,
I am the Life, and cannot be in vain.

Before you were, I was ; at early last
You fade, I unaware a day has passed,

But if you choose to kill,

If you but drain the blood or stay the breath,
There lies my holy secret, Life-and-Death,
Obedient to your will.



EXPERIMENT

by R. J. D. BELGRAVE

Silence,—and midnight ;
A new, magic world :
The close-cut turf glimmers, ghostly white,
With pale, shining light ;
The moon, soft, fleece-curl'd,
Beckons, yearns for dancing ; and afar,
'Neath the pear-tree's bloom,
The cool river sings,
Half-hush'd, whispering to some distant star,
Fearing to arouse,
From sleep's soft wings
Beauty, now veil'd in the velvet gloom
Of the rustling boughs.
Silver'd stillness laps
The rose-garden, now remote, untrod,
And Holiness wraps
The world, as it swings,
Hush'd, expectant, hungering for God.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

IN England generally, and in the Southern counties in particular, the fourteenth century was an age of very active change and development. The simple life of the past was slowly dissolving before growing complications and greater demands for luxury, and, to a lesser degree, comforts. Nowhere are these facts more apparent than in the domestic life of the period, and they can be seen more particularly in the changes coming over the average surroundings of the lesser gentry and of the more prosperous burghers, the forerunners of that middle-class which became the mainspring of English life in a later age.

The dwelling-houses of such persons were, though undoubtedly superior to those of their predecessors, not large. The average house of knight or squire consisted generally of a hall and two rooms. When in 1314 John Bishopsden of Lapworth contracted with two masons to erect a house for him on his manor, he stipulated for two 'base' chambers on the ground floor, each 11 feet high, divided by the main entrance. Upstairs, the whole length and breadth of the building, 40 feet by 18 feet, was to consist of one large room or hall. One of the downstairs rooms and the upper chamber were to be furnished with fireplaces and wardrobes, these last being built out from the house, apparently to be used as extra accommodation, and not merely as receptacles for articles of clothing.¹ A few years earlier, a very similar house was built for William de Hanington, a skinner of London. This building consisted of a hall, a room with a chimney, with a larder between the two, a solar over the room, and another larder. At the end of the hall, beyond the dais, there was to be an 'oriole', and beneath it 'two enclosures as cellars, opposite to each other'; between the hall and the old kitchen a stable with a solar above it, and above that a garret. On the same floor as this solar, space was to be left for a new kitchen, and the hall was to be joined up to the existing house, to which, presumably, the new work was to be an addition, by an 'oriole', probably, in this case, a covered way or porch.²

The cost of these two houses was to be very similar, the former 25 marks, the latter some 13 or 14 pounds. It is obvious that John Bishopsden's house was being enlarged, and so also probably was William de Hanington's. In both, the kitchen is not part of the main building. Indeed, if we can rely on illustrated manuscripts, it seems that much of the cooking was done out of doors, or, at least, in buildings separated from the

¹ The original contract is printed in Parker's *Domestic Architecture*, Edward I to Richard II, pp. 5-6 but no reference is given.

² Mr. Riley suggests a room with a bay window. The meaning of 'oriole' is very much in doubt. The contract is to be found in *Memorials of London*, pp. 65-6.

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main structure,¹ like the elaborate fourteenth-century kitchen which still stands at Glastonbury. No mention is made of any staircase, which was probably outside, just as it had almost invariably been in the thirteenth century.²

Such buildings as these were the typical houses of the country gentleman and the wealthy burgher, differing from those of the great ones of the land only in size, and not in arrangement. The work put into them was thorough; Sir John stipulated for side walls two and a half feet, and end walls three and a half feet thick; for the roofing wood shingles were still used, as in the past, though Edward II discovered that slate, stone, or earthenware tiles were as efficacious and less costly.³ But some of the older houses were less substantial, even earthen walls were not unknown in London⁴ and the great gale of 1362 blew away many roofs.⁵ Within doors the hall was the general meeting place of the whole household, and in some cases was used at night as a bedroom. A raised dais at one end was occupied by the master of the house, his wife and family, at mealtimes, whilst the rest of the company was accommodated on long wooden benches—

With brode bordes abouten
Y-benched wel clene.⁶

The tables consisted of planks laid on trestles, and there is constant mention in the romances of the time of their removal when dinner was over.⁷ The other furniture was very spare, and the windows were frequently boarded up with shutters halfway, only the upper part being glazed.⁸ Glass was as yet seldom used, except in the houses of the very wealthy, but there it was often painted.

For all the windows and the walls
Were painted with gold, both towers and halls :
Pillars and doors were all of brass.
Windows of latten were set with glass.⁹

¹ See illustrations in Wright, *Domestic Manners and Sentiments*, pp. 144-7.

² For the ground plan of a fourteenth-century house, not dissimilar to the two here described, see Coulton, *Chaucer and his England*, p. 97. The kitchen here is given as part of the main building. Under Edward III, some houses were sold by the King, and one consisted of 'a hall with two chambers annexed, a granary with a gateway built over it, a stable and two barnes', Parker, *Domestic Architecture*, Edward I to Richard II, p. 9., quoting Queen's Remembrancer's Records.

³ *Cal. of Patent Rolls* (1313-17), p. 100.

⁴ *Memorials of London*, p. 30.

⁵ *Memorials of London*, pp. 308-9.

⁶ *Pier's Plowman's Creed*, p. 463.

⁷ *Confessio Amantis*, p. 416; *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight*, p. 53. Cf. *Boke of Curtasye*, Percy Society, 1841, pp. 20, 35.

⁸ See the windows at the hall at Meare, Somerset, Parker, p. 37.

⁹ Romance of Sir Bevis of Hampton, modernized in G. Ellis, *Early English Metrical Romances* (London, 1848), p. 254.

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It was in such halls as these that the sumptuous banquets of the period were spread. The delicacies of the table loomed large in fourteenth-century social life. The cook occupied a position of distinction, and his productions were appreciated by the lesser gentry as well as by the great lords; was not Chaucer's Franklyn an epicure who loved his food, and in whose house there was ever a plentiful supply of baked meats, fish and wine?

Wo was his cook but-if his sauce were
Poynaunt and sharpe, and redy al his gere.¹

The great man's board groaned under the weight of the food provided. In one fourteenth-century poem a typical dinner is described. It consisted of three courses. The first included boar's head, buck tails in broth, venison with frumenty, pheasants, baked meat, mincemeats, and roast fowls. The second consisted of a roast with rich sauces and spices, kids, swans and tarts ten inches wide. The third course was all 'Martinmass food', and was confined largely to vegetables, though the master of the house was also provided with 'birds on a spit', barnacles, snipe, larks, linnets in sugar, woodcocks, 'witwalles burning hot', teals, titmouses, rabbits, sweet custards, pastries and 'spoon meats'.²

The room next in importance after the hall was the 'solar', or lord's private chamber, which was generally also his bedroom. Sometimes the term 'solar' is used for a chamber built over the main gateway, 'a choys chamber under the chef toure', which was frequently used for sleeping purposes.³ Though less public than the hall, these bedrooms were by no means used exclusively by their occupants. Sir Gawain was entertained in a lady's room, was there served with a meal and afterwards sat on her bed, talking to her,⁴ and it became more and more the custom to retire to such a chamber after dinner with distinguished guests. Natural though this desire for quiet and seclusion apart from the crowd in the hall may seem, it was looked on askance by men of the time. At the best it was a luxury only to be thought of when high festival was not being held.

For thai saw them never so
On high dayes to chamber go.⁵

¹ *Canterbury Tales*, Prologue, ll. 351, 352.

² *Wymere and Wastowe*, ed. I. Gollancz (Roxburghe Club, 1897), pp. 102-3. Cf. the description of a small collation in the 'Romance of Richard Cœur de Lion' in G. Ellis, *Early English Metrical Romances* (London, 1848), p. 322.

³ *William and the Werewolf*, ed. by F. Madden, (Roxburghe Club, 1832), p. 115.

⁴ 'Ywain and Gawin' in Ritson, *Metrical Romances* (Edinburgh, 1884), I, 138. The same thing occurs in 'Sir Bevis of Hamptoun', where the hero is entertained by Josian in her bedroom, G. Ellis, *Metrical Romances*, p. 250. A fourteenth-century picture of such a scene is given in Wright's *Domestic Manners*, p. 261.

⁵ 'Ywain and Gawin', in Ritson, *Metrical Romances*, I, 121-2.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

Piers Plowman complained bitterly at the dullness of the hall now that the lord and lady cared not to sit there, but preferred to eat in private, though the hall was the proper place for meals.¹

The bed in the chamber was often richly draped, and costly coverlets lay upon it.² Here, too, was a fireplace in the finest houses. In the hall the fire was generally lit in the centre, and the smoke escaped through the roof, though even there fireplaces were not unknown.³ In bedrooms they were often found. After supper Sir Gawayne accompanied his host into the chamber, and there was placed in a chair before the chimney,⁴ and in a fourteenth-century manuscript we find a picture showing a gentleman dressing with the help of two attendants before his bedroom fire.⁵ The fuel in general use was either fir tree logs or charcoal,⁶ for coal, though known and used, was too expensive for such purposes.⁷ However, 'chambres with chymneys' were at all times considered exceptional by fourteenth-century Englishmen,⁸ though elaborate luxuries, of which few would dream now, such as tapestries and painted walls, were considered less wonderful. In the *Book of the Duchess* Chaucer describes for us one of these beautiful rooms.

And sooth to seyn my chambre was
Ful wel depeynted,, and with glas
Were al the wyndowes wel y-glased,
Full clere, and nat an hole y-crased,
That to beholde hit was gret joye
For whooolly al the storie of Troye
Was in the glasing y-wroght thus

.
And alle the walles with colours fyne
Were peynted bothe text and glose,
Of all the Romaunce of the Rose.
My windowes weren shet echon,
And through the glas the sunne shon
Upon my bed with brighte beames.⁹

¹ *Vision of Piers Plowman*, Text B, Passus X, ll. 94-100.

² 'Ywain and Gawin', in Ritson, *Metrical Romances*, I, 138.

³ e.g., in the hall of Mere, Somerset. See illustration in Parker, *Domestic Architecture*, Edward I to Richard II, p. 40.

⁴ *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight*, pp. 28, 45.

⁵ Illustration in Jusserand, *Wayfaring Life*, p. 126. Cf. *Boke of Curteys* (Percy Society, 1841), p. 20.

⁶ 'Romance of Sir Degrevant' in *Thornton Romances*, p. 234. *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight*, p. 28.

⁷ One hundred and twenty-six chaldrons of coal were brought from Durham to Windsor, to be used in the forges at work there, for the building operations, but their transit cost more than £165, Parker, *Domestic Architecture*, Edward I to Richard II, p. 29, quoting the account of the building operations, but it is evident that coal was regularly transported to London. *Cal. of Letter Book*, H. p. 173.

⁸ *Piers Plowman's Creed*, p. 463.

⁹ Chaucer, *Book of the Duchess*, I, 321-37.

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In such luxurious surroundings did the richer classes retire to rest, attended by their ushers or valets, who had made the room ready for them, and had prepared the soft and easy featherbed.

Though it was still usual to dispense with any covering in bed, save the blankets and sheets, the nightgown was not entirely unknown. A wealthy lord would sometimes change into one when he retired to rest,¹ and in the *Vision of Piers Plowman* excuse is made for a dirty dress by explaining that it is the only one possessed by the wearer, who therefore has to 'slepe thereinne on nightes'.² The care bestowed on the adornment of the bedroom, ultimately to develop into the with-drawing room, is an evidence of increasing domesticity at the expense of feudal ideas and the communal life which they entailed. It shows too, perhaps, a tendency for class to separate from class, and to limit the intercourse of master and dependant to the necessities of service. The close connection between the various ranks on the feudal ladder had been a personal tie, which had about it a touch of communism. But now there comes a division between the various ranks of the gentle classes, between the noble and the knight, between the knight and the squire. The lord of the manor and his tenants no longer meet on the common ground of the hall at dinner-time, or if they do so, it is only on special occasions when the differences of rank are clearly defined. The old days when a knight was a knight, and a churl was a churl, are passing away. Destraint of knighthood has popularized knighthood, and the distinction between a knight and a knight banneret is arising; varying ranks in the titles of the nobility are being emphasized. Out of this break-up of the social organization, as known in the past, was to come the opportunity of the middle class in its various grades, recruited as it was both from those who rose from below and from those who fell out of the ranks of the now more exclusive nobility.

K. H. VICKERS.

¹ *Boke of Curteisye* (Percy Society, 1841), 20.

² *Vision of Piers Plowman*, Text B, Passus XIV, 11, 1-2.



AUBADE

Provençal, XIIth Century

by R. A. HODGSON

WITHIN an orchard, underneath the thorn,
The lady holds her love-friend, till the horn
Proclaims the watchman's greeting to the morn.
Ah God ! ah God ! that day should come so soon !

Would God the night could never be outworn,
Nor from my side my friend be ever torn,
Nor watchman see another day born.
Ah God ! ah God ! that day should come so soon !

My fair sweet friend, new pleasure let us take
Where in the garden bird-songs fill the brake,
Until the watchman pipes the world awake.
Ah God ! ah God ! that day should come so soon !

By those sweet airs that bring to me delight
Of my love-friend so courteous and bright.
Have I not slaked my thirst upon them quite ?
Ah God ! ah God ! that day should come so soon !

That lady is right worshipful and dear ;
All men would look upon her beauty near ;
And in her love she has no stint nor fear.
Ah God ! ah God ! that day should come so soon !



SOME POINTS RELATING TO THE MILLS OF WINCHESTER IN THE MIDDLE AGES

IT would hardly be in place in *Wessex* to describe the wealth of mills existing in the Middle Ages, for which the River Itchen, with its rapid fall and constant flow supplied power in the mile and a half of its course from Durngate in the north of the City to St. Cross in the south, or to discuss their topography. I confine myself to some points in their history and management which may help to illustrate the industrial and business methods of the time.

Leaving for a moment the mills within the city proper, we notice that all the others are owned by Ecclesiastical bodies, the See of Winchester, the Abbeys of Wherwell and St. Mary of Winchester. Several went out of existence at an early date, and to fix the exact position of some of them is a matter of difficulty. That, however, is a question of Winchester topography, and is not the object of the present paper. I would rather endeavour to show from records which are accessible in Winchester what can be gathered of the financial value, the system of working and the history of their rise and decline.

Following the course of the river from Durngate in the north, as given in the map, we have a series of nine : Durngate Mill, the mill above Eastgate Bridge, now known as the City Mill, Segrim Well Mill, now Wharf Mill, Flodstoc in College Street, a group north of St. Cross Hospital, the Barton, Crepestre and Sparkford Mills, and St. Cross Mill to the south. To these are to be added the mill of St. Mary Abbey within the walls, but without the jurisdiction, of the City, and two others of a special character, not power mills, of which I shall speak later. All of them except the mills at Eastgate and of St. Mary Abbey belonged to the Bishop. The Pipe Rolls of the Bishopric give details of receipts and expenditure from the Bishop's manors and properties including his mills. The Roll for the fourth year of the Pontificate of Peter des Roches (1208-9) has been transcribed and printed by the London School of Economics under the supervision of Dr. Hubert Hall ; later rolls of Peter des Roches and of John Gervaise, Nicholas of Ely, John de Sandale and Rigaud de Assario are accessible in transcripts made by the late Mr. F. Baigent and preserved in the Cathedral Library. The policy of the Bishop's financial managers varies ; sometimes they have the mills in their own hands, sometimes they are let at a fixed rent. From the sixth year of P. des Roches the accountant gives only the receipts from the fixed rental of the mills, but in the fourth year he gives the various

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details which make up the revenue and expenditure, partly of individual mills, partly in a general account included in the 'Ministerium Wintonie'. There is thus a change of system of letting between the two years.

A summary of the account of the simplest of them, Flodstoc, will make this clearer. Its rent is included in a lump sum with that of others from year 6 until year 20 of Peter des Roches, when it is credited with £4 as rent; but in year 4 there is a full account, of which the following is an abstract:

(A)

RECEIPTS			EXPENDITURE		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
From 'consuetudo servientium'	1	12 0	Horse-keep and shoeing	..	0 16 5½
„ 1 quarter of meal sold ..	0	2 10	Repairs	0 3 3½
„ 'Moltura' received in			Shovel	0 0 8
pence	1	19 11	Paid to Bishop's Receiver	..	2 10 8½
			Balance owing	..	0 3 10
	<hr/> £3 14 9			<hr/> £3 14 11½	

(The discrepancy in the figures for Dr. and Cr. may be due to difficulty in deciphering the figures of the MS.)

Here we have the mill in the Bishop's own hand and worked by his own officer—but how the revenue is derived is not so clear—who were the 'servientes' who paid the consuetudo? Whose was the quarter of wheat, or whatever the grain was, that was sold, ground, for 2s. 10d.? Who paid the 'moltura' or milling-money?

Tenants on manors owed service in various forms, of which work in the lord's mill for so many days in the week or year, was one. If this gave more man-power than could be utilized in the building, or if it were more convenient to a tenant to pay than to serve, his labour could be commuted for money; so, if sufficient men were available there was no need for an item to be shown on the expenditure side for labour, and the commutation yielded a revenue to the lord. I think we may assume that this is why 'consuetudo servientium' figures as a receipt. 'Moltura' offers a greater difficulty. In the above account all is simple. Moltura is the payment for grinding of corn, and the collection in pence of nearly £2 looks like a charge for the 479 units at a penny each that make it up, whether the unit was the bushel or the quarter. Probably the latter, for as the price of meal sold is about 2s. 6d. the quarter, and 3¾d. the bushel, the cost of milling would be unreasonably high if the former were the unit.

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But the next account is not so easy to understand; it is that for the Barton Mill.

(B)

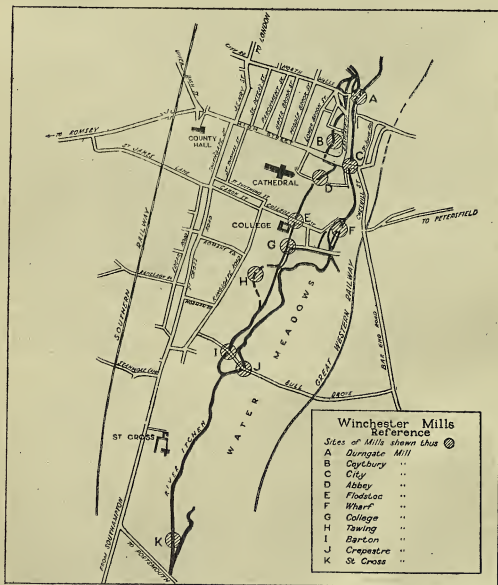
RECEIPTS			EXPENDITURE		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Rent of Crepestre Mill (adjoining the Barton Mill) ..	0	10 8	Horse-keep and shoeing ..	1	1 ½
'consuetudo servientium' ..	5	8 0	Repairs	0	12 3½
23 quarters 1 bushel of meal sold	2	18 10	Purchase of 'moltura' of Adam		
Sale of a paddock	1	4 0	Widowson	1	0 0
„ „ fish	0	2 0	„ „ Roger Lion	0	19 0
			„ „ Jocelyn	0	13 4
			Paid to Bishop's Receiver ..	4	9 2
			Balance owing	1	9 2
	£10	3 6		£10	4 0

Similarly, in the general account of Winchester Mills, we have :

(C)

Balance on all mills from last year	4	0 3	Paid (liberatum) to R. de Ridings for his 'moltura' for the last year	0	10 0
			„ to H. Swenge for the same ..	0	9 0
			„ „ Adam Widowson	0	10 0
			„ „ Jocelyn	0	8 0
			„ „ Osbert Talun	0	8 0
			„ „ Bishop's Receiver	1	15 3
	£4	0 3		£4	0 3

How is it that 'moltura' figures as a receipt in one account, and in another as a payment? There can be little doubt of the meaning of 'moltura', it is a charge made either by the lord on those of his tenants who owed suit to his mill, that is, were compelled to take their corn there for grinding, or by the miller of a free mill for the cost of grinding. It is true that in the Glossary in the edition of the Pipe Roll published by the School of Economics, it is defined as 'a payment for not having corn ground at the lord's mill', but I am inclined to think that the definition is less a proof of its own accuracy than of the difficulty of finding an explanation. It would help us, too, if we knew who Swenge, Adam Widowson and the others were who sold their 'moltura'. The only one whose name occurs elsewhere in this Roll is Jocelyn, and that is in the account of 'Ministerium Wintonie' for this same year, where he pays along with three others, the Hospital of St. Cross, William de Mohun, and the Abbess of



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St. Mary of Winchester, an 'aquagium', or water-rate, to the Bishop for the use of the episcopal water for his mill. This would imply that they were all tenants, or owners of mills, managing them themselves, paying for the water they used, and receiving the 'moltura' for corn ground in their mills. In the next Roll in the Cathedral Library, that for the sixth year of Peter des Roches, there is no detailed account of revenue and expenditure, but Jocelin is farming his own mill paying twenty shillings to the Bishop for the use of his water, while others are paying a fixed rent, Durngate £5, Barton and Crepestre £6, and so forth, and the receiver is not concerned with their receipts and expenditure; all that matters to him is the rent, and that he records. There is evidently a change of system being adopted between the years 4 and 6 of Peter des Roches. The payment, or purchase, of 'moltura' may be a return to the tenant under the new system, for the year in which the change was made, of money received by the lord and which now belonged to the tenant. The fact that in account 'C' there is a balance which is 'liberatum' to the tenants seems to imply that there was a legal claim on the part of a tenant, for in medieval accounts a 'liberatio' differs from a 'solutio' by being a payment not for goods purchased, but in satisfaction of a claim arising from the creditor's status. Where the 'moltura' is described as 'empta' it would mean that the accountant having to put it on the debit side among his purchases and payments naturally used that term. But the matter is obscure and I do not feel that what I have said ends it. I should be grateful for information from a student of medieval economics.

The 23 quarters of meal sold, in account B, presumably represented grain from the lord's demesne in a manor, but the single quarter in account A is curious; could it be the savings accumulated by a thrifty miller with his 'thumb of gold' out of the corn brought by suitors to be ground?

As I have said, to discuss the position of the various Winchester Mills, is a question for Winchester topographers, nor is there any great margin for error in fixing the sites of nearly all of them. Of their history again it is necessary to remind readers that the hey-day of Winchester prosperity ends with the 14th century—in the 17th century population may well have been only half what it was three hundred years before, and the manufactures had declined in at least as great a proportion. The Barton group of mills had gone out of use in this period, Flodstoc Mill had been replaced by College Mill a hundred yards lower down, the Abbey Mill was let to a grindstone maker, and two other mills, one within the City and another just outside Eastgate, figure in the City Rent Rolls as 'void pieces of land where once stood a mill.'

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These last two have a history of more than local interest. That within the City was known as 'Coitbury'. King John in 1208 granted by Charter to the citizens the site (sedes) of two mills at Coitbury. The Charter was in existence in Trussell's time (reign of James I) and is printed by Milner in the appendix of his history of Winchester from his transcript, but it had then been lost, though the words of the grant can still be recovered from the recital of them in the Charter of Henry III and later kings. There began to be some uncertainty in course of time whether the name 'Coitbury' applied to land or to water, and the 17th century leases speak both of 'a stream called Coitbury' and 'a parcel of land called Coitbury'. But the citizens knew exactly where it was, that it was within the City walls in St. George's Parish and accessible from Buck Street (the present Buscot Lane, immediately to the west of St. John's Rooms). Their modern successors were much more vague; they identified it with the City Mill which lay outside the walls, in the Soke, and within the jurisdiction of the Bishop, conditions not possible in a grant to the citizens. But the physical argument against the identification is as strong as the legal, for when Bishop Waynflete had a quarrel with the City, his method of coercion of the citizens, was to cut off the water from Coitbury, and the Commonalty drew no rent for a year from the tenants of the Mill because there was no flow of water. It would be beyond the power of the Bishop to block the flow of the main stream of the Itchen on which Eastgate Mill stands, but he could, and did, divert the water which was derived from the main stream into a channel that ran roughly parallel with it within the City Walls and served Coitbury Mills before it crossed the High Street. But the conviction that Coitbury was the site of the City Mill was so strong that when the City Mill was sold in 1820 by the Commonalty, the Town Clerk of the day gave to the purchaser, as one of his title deeds, a charter of Henry III which recited the grant. Fortunately, the Charter was a duplicate and has since been restored to the city by the representatives of the purchaser.

But certain as the position of Coitbury may be, how comes it that there could be room for two mills at the same point? There is not fall enough on this stretch of water to furnish power for a single mill, let alone two, and those so close together. The answer is that the 'sedes' were intended not for power mills at all, but for fulling mills. The word 'fuller' has been much misunderstood. We most of us get our idea of a fuller's work from the Gospel account of the Transfiguration; 'as no fuller on earth could whiten it' makes us think that fulling was bleaching. It included more processes than that. From early days there were three

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The City Mill, Winchester.

R. Casson.

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guilds in Winchester concerned with the manufacture of cloth, the Weavers, the Fullers, and the Dyers. The Fullers took the cloth from the Weavers and were responsible for all the finishing processes except dyeing. These included cleaning the cloth by the use of fuller's earth, thickening by pressure, shearing and stretching on tenterhooks on racks in the 'tentoria' or rack-houses. It was for the thickening that an abundant supply of water was needed. The cloth was soaked in the water and trodden under the bare feet, a process known as 'walking' the cloth, the fibres being pressed closer together, with a consequent thickening and narrowing of the 'piece'.

We may often have wondered why 'Walker' is so common a surname. Like so many others it is a trade name denoting an occupation, and 'walk' did not originally mean, as now, to get over ground, but to press or squeeze, or, if the foot was used, to tread. The weaving of Harris tweeds is still in part a cottage industry, and I am indebted to Miss May Morris of Kelmscott for a description of 'walking' as she has seen it in the Island of Barra, by the hand not the foot. It is done at night by women, after the day's work is over. They meet in a dwelling house, and the mistress of the house sits at one end of a long table with six or seven other women sitting along either side. On the ground is a tub of hot water and soda in which the cloth is first steeped. It is then laid out on the table and passed onwards, being pressed and squeezed by the hands of the first woman and her vis-à-vis and then passed slowly on to the next pair, till it reaches the end of the table. It is then carefully measured by the mistress to see whether it has been reduced by the pressure to the required width; if not, the process is repeated till the standard width is attained. All the while the women sing a Gaelic song of old traditional words, and, as the pressure increases, the excitement rises and the final thumps are accompanied by a scream. In 'walking' a blanket which requires no thickening, only dressing of the surface, and where soft pats take the place of the vigorous squeeze used for the cloth, the song ends in a soft moan, gently dying away. The voice is dramatically adjusted to the nature of the work. An account of 'walking' is given in the *Weekly Scotsman* for Saturday, February 28th, 1831, which agrees exactly with Miss Morris's description and the writer gives the words of some of the Gaelic songs sung by the women.

The utility of the sites for mills at Coitbury varied with the prosperity of the weaving industry in the City. I cannot ascertain whether both were ever used. The Chamberlains' Rolls of the 15th century speak only of

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one. In the early part of the century it was let to a group of fullers, along with the Barton Mill, which had come for a time into the hands of the city. But Winchester declined rapidly, its trade languished and it had to make piteous appeals to the Crown for relief in the payment of its fee farm rent. Soon Coitbury appears in the rent Roll as 'void', then as a 'decayed mill', then as a 'void piece of land where once was a mill'. This was the only mill within the jurisdiction of the city; there was no grist mill, and the citizens were supplied with meal and flour from mills under the control of ecclesiastical corporations. On the Bishop's water, too, were other 'mills' which required no fall, but only access to the running stream. In the Bishop's Pipe Roll of 1208 we find a mill let to one 'Alexander Alutarius', which must have stood on a bend of the river, straightened in modern times when that part of the water meads, known as Lavender Meads, was converted into the College Cricket Ground. 'Aluta' is the name for a soft leather tanned with alum, a process called in old English 'tawing', and Alexander the Tawyer was the tenant of a mill which, like a fulling mill, needed no fall of water for power.

If the history of Coitbury is a symptom of the decline of the old capital of Wessex and England, so is that of another mill of some interest, now known as the City Mill, just outside the East Gate and in the Soke. It was not, however, the property of the Bishop, but of the Abbey of Wherwell, near Andover, and passed into the hands of the Crown on the Dissolution of the Monasteries, though, strangely, when Tenths were levied in the city it was chargeable with a contribution of sixpence to the city quota. In the latter part of the reign of Edward VI, the Mayor, R. Bytten, with the Bailiffs and Commonalty, petitioned the Crown for a gift of property, enumerated in a schedule, 'for relief of the poor'. The 'poor' meant the Mayor, Bailiffs and Commonalty themselves, for I cannot find anything in the Chamberlains' Rolls to show that the valuable rents received from this accession to their property went to anything except City purposes, or, as we should say now, in relief of the rates. The grant included lands and tenements belonging to Wherwell Abbey, the Priory of Southwick, and the College or Frairie of St. Mary Kalendar, and the rents of these appear in the Chamberlains' Rolls as 'the new rents' from 1553 onwards. They amount to some £25 answering to old rents of some £62, an addition of more than a third, and it must be remembered that the City revenues were derived almost entirely from its real property. It is an irony that the grant, though made under the Protestant Edward from Church property, first took effect under the Catholic Mary, and was never rescinded by her.

Part of the lands of Wherwell Abbey was a disused mill, described in

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1553 as 'a message or tenement which was once a mill situate in the suburbs of the City on the north side of the East Gate with a parcel of land in front and rear of it with the fishing rights and grazing pertaining thereto demised to R. Battersley and his assigns by indenture dated the 4th of September of 4 Henry VIII (1512) for a term of fifty years' and was let at the time of the grant at a rent of half a mark (6s. 8d.), the City reserving the right to build a mill there. It never exercised this right, and in later leases tried to throw the obligation on its tenants, stipulating in one lease (1684) that the definite sum of £200 should be spent on rebuilding within two years. But the tenants had as little regard for their covenants as their landlords had for their own good intention, until at last in 1743, the still derelict site was let to James Cooke, a tanner of the Soke. He put up the central part of the building, with the fine gable that forms a feature so familiar to visitors to Winchester, immediately above Eastgate Bridge. Some of the old materials must still have been available, for windbraces of 15th-century date are to be seen in the roof. On the south wall, below the gable, is a stone bearing the City arms and telling that the City mill was rebuilt in 1744. Four years later Cooke added the eastern portion, inserting a date stone of 1748 in the south wall, and at various dates land to the west up to the City wall was acquired by lease from the City. City finance in the 18th century can hardly be described as far-seeing, and there are many instances of the enfranchisement of leaseholds sacrificing the interests of the future to the needs of the present. A similar improvidence extended into the 19th century before the Municipal Reform Act of 1835 let in the light of publicity on City Council actions, and in 1820, the mill and adjoining land were sold to John Benham. It was in the conveyance of this date that the duplicate charter of Henry III was included in the title deeds of the purchaser, as I have already said, in the belief that the site was Coitbury. Recently the mill has been purchased by public subscription and handed over to the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty. The foundations, walls, roof and water wheel are put into sound condition, the upper floor cleared away and a hall nearly a hundred feet long with fine roof timbers, opened, which is suitable for public purposes. Only as I write have I learnt that the Trust has let the building to the 'Youth Hostels Association', a body which has been formed to facilitate walking tours in England for the young of both sexes who are prepared to put up with such accommodation as can be had in barns, mills and such buildings, especially if there is some interesting feature of architecture or history attached to them.

J. S. FURLEY.

THE CHURCH AND RELIGIOUS DRAMA

(By kind permission of the *Chichester Diocesan Gazette*)

EVERY ten years the Passion Play at Oberammergau makes a profound impression on the multitudes of men and women who witness its production. It is remarkable that in what is generally regarded as a secular age so many thousands of different nations and very different creeds should be drawn to the distant Bavarian village to see the ancient gospel story acted afresh. It is not less remarkable that so small a place with but two thousand inhabitants should be able to create such a play and to give it with such intensity and power. Everybody knows that it is an offering of worship for the players. For the audience also it becomes a similar offering.

The Oberammergau Play is of comparatively modern growth. But all over Europe in former days the Church and the Drama were intimately connected. In no country was the connexion more conspicuous than in England. The Church was the cradle of the Theatre. In the Church and out of it, in the precincts of the Cathedral, on the open space beside the West Door, or under the shelter of its buildings, in the Nave or even the Choir itself, the mysteries of the Christian religion were long presented in dramatic form. There were Nativity Plays, Passion Plays, Easter Plays, Miracle Plays, Plays relating to events in the Old Testament such as the Flood or the Sacrifice of Isaac, and there were Morality Plays like *Everyman*. It was in the main from the inspiration which all these gave that (as every scholar knows) the whole Drama of England developed.

In the course of that development the Drama moved, both in place and in treatment and subject, away from the Church. It left the Church building and precincts for the market and the town and buildings of its own. It widened its range, till it embraced all manner of themes with which religion had nothing to do. At last the old connection completely ceased; and, as Dr. A. C. Bradley says in *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 'the Elizabethan Drama was almost wholly secular'. Boys of great church choirs, like the children of St. Paul's and the Chapel Royal, in the 16th century were indeed in great demand as actors; but the plays in which they took part were plays for the secular stage, and had secular subjects. And early in the 17th century their employment was prohibited on the ground that 'it is not fit or decent that such as should sing the praise of God Almighty should be trained or employed in such lascivious or profane exercises'.

THE CHURCH AND RELIGIOUS DRAMA

The breach between the Church and the Drama grew rather than diminished until the latter half of the nineteenth century. But as that drew to its close and the twentieth century began, the attitude of churchmen underwent a change, which in its turn reflected the change in the theatre. One most significant event which registered that change was the burial in Westminster Abbey, under Dean Armitage Robinson, of the man who had up to that date done more than any other to raise the character of the English Stage, Sir Henry Irving.

Side by side with the alteration in the attitude of churchmen generally to the Theatre has gone a great revival in the Drama of religion. The writing, as well as the production, of religious plays in the modern world is a very recent development ; but it is most marked. It is not so very long since a distinguished living producer, Nugent Monck, was threatened with prosecution under the Blasphemy Laws for desiring to revive the old Mystery plays. But the wide vogue of *Everyman*, the astonishingly successful production of Nativity Plays like Lawrence Housman's *Bethlehem*, Miss Buckton's *Eager Heart*, Cecil Claye's *Joyous Pageant of the Nativity*, and very many others, besides translations of the beautiful Plays by Paul Claudel (*The Tidings brought to Mary*) and Henri Ghéon, are sufficient evidence of the revolution in public opinion. A special debt of gratitude is due to William Poel, the pioneer in this field. Even more striking is the fact that some of the finest living English poets are turning to the Bible and Religion for most moving plays and scenes. I content myself with calling attention to the plays of the Poet Laureate, *The Trial of Jesus*, *Good Friday*, *Easter*, and would note as a symbolic event in the revival of religious drama within the Church of England his *Coming of Christ*, produced by Charles Ricketts, with music by Holst, in Canterbury Cathedral, at Whitsuntide, two years ago.

In the light of this movement in religious plays, of the new eagerness of many poets, and the new attitude of the Church, the appointment of a Director of Religious Drama in the Diocese of Chichester may be welcomed as peculiarly fitting in the year of the Oberammergau Play. The creation of this post is intended not only to deepen the interest in religious plays (including poetic plays), but to give the right guidance in their choice and production.

I believe that through religious drama religious truth may be brought home afresh, and the imagination healed and stirred ; that the Bible itself may often be understood in a new and vivid way ; and so many may be helped and kindled who would otherwise (to their loss and ours) pass all their lives untouched by the Church. I also hold that the presentation

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of religious drama in a right spirit and an excellent form is itself an offering of worship. I wish to lead some to make that offering as artists or as players, and as audience, who have not found an avenue of worship before.

The work of the Director will no doubt increase with increasing experience. He will find out what is already being done in Sussex. He will be ready to give help or advice when he is asked. He will desire and, I trust, secure a high standard, in which sincerity and simplicity have an important part. The plays which he will himself produce, as opportunity offers, will be good plays, honestly acted, well and worthily presented. Some may be given in Church (and for this my special permission will be required), others in halls or out of doors, especially at the Church's seasons, or linked with some particular festival or saint, both in town and country. I hope that not a few plays may be taken out by the players from the town to neighbouring villages and stir a local effort there. The task of the Director is great and very varied, though it will require time to accomplish; and it is in the fullest sense religious.

GEORGE CICESTR :



SUCCESS

by R. J. D. BELGRAVE

SWEET is Success
And Triumph's joy,
But both of them
Does Time destroy ;
Unyielding Time
Relentlessly
Makes all Success
A Mockery.

But Loveliness
And Beauty's charm
In God's fair Earth
Are safe from harm ;
For how can Death,
That poor dim shade,
Harm Loveliness
Which God has made ?

RELIGIOUS DRAMA IN A WESSEX DIOCESE THE CHICHESTER EXPERIMENT

THE Bishop of Chichester's innovation in appointing a Director of Religious Drama for his Diocese was a bold one, but was also founded upon a discernment of the need of such assistance. Even without encouragement in high quarters, plays had been widely used under his predecessor to teach the faith; and a peregrination of the Diocese reveals that the drama in some form is an almost universal concomitant of Church activity. Not always, of course, religious drama; many churches run secular dramatic societies for their young people without undertaking religious plays. But most people who really want the Church to make an impact on the modern world are aware that it is possible to get those who never go to a church service to witness a play, and that the bulk of our modern population learns most from the eye, filling its mind from the hoarding and the cinema. Accordingly, in the present irreligious state of the world, the drama is perhaps the most powerful of all the church's weapons, and is being by no means neglected.

The movement, however, is still in its infancy, and no very clear idea has yet been formed of what the religious play ought ultimately to become. There are a multitude of unworthy plays and very few good ones; many a production made in all earnestness is robbed of its effect by a lack of understanding of the principles of drama. But certain facts are gradually becoming known, and the various forms which religious drama will take are being distinguished.

The religious play, though sharing the characteristics of the art of the theatre, is becoming what it used in its great age to be, an act of worship. In the old mystery cycles one finds praise and prayer to be integral parts of the thought:

Lord, that giv'st everlasting life,
I thank Thee ever with main and might,
That, while my kindred were on strife,
Hast shewn to me this blessed sight,

the First King begins in the York Cycle; and the Christian's wonder at the Incarnation is attributed to Mary herself:

Now, Lord who all this world shall win,
Yet art my Son.

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This is not historical or realistic drama, but religious drama—worship in dramatic form. Modern religious plays are becoming full of the same spirit, as may be seen for example in Sheila Kaye-Smith's plays in *Saints in Sussex*.

There, too, it may be seen that the good religious play should have its roots in the services of the Church. The Bible is its source, the Prayer Book moulds its form. In both respects it is serving its true end—to draw its audience to the worship of God. That this is consonant with the best use of the theatre, let such remembered productions as Rheinhardt's *Miracle* and Barry Jackson's *Marvellous History of St. Bernard* serve to shew.

The organisation of religious drama in a diocese is not an easy matter, because the need for plays, and therefore for producers, players and supplies, is greatest all over the diocese at Christmas and Easter. But the broad lines on which it will work out are fairly clear. First of all, it is desirable to have in every year one or two productions which set a standard; in which the resources of the diocese are mobilised as far as possible, and which will provide material for study and thought to those all over the district who are interested in bettering their own work.

Such a production may be elaborate, and therefore necessarily stationary, or it may be comparatively simple and mobile. There is a great need for well trained companies of players who at the Christmas and Easter seasons will go out to parishes in their neighbourhood that want them. This side of the work is beginning to be developed in Sussex.

Then there are the parish productions, undertaken quite as much for the sake of the players as of the audience. A certain lowering of the standard is often involved in this; but it is not necessary. Right choice of play, and infinite pains in rehearsal, can make a performance of the best type out of purely native material. Those who are treating dramatic work with the seriousness which it deserves and needs are getting fine results.

Chichester is a holiday-makers' diocese. In the summer there is an opportunity to reach a large audience of visitors. Pastoral work, and the use of those of the famous churches of Sussex which are available for the purpose, might have an influence far wider than the county boundaries. This has been realised by the secular pageant-maker, but not so much by the religious. Dedication Festivals, for instance, offer a fine chance for the dramatisation of the history of the church. And we must make an effort to save the Missionary play, now the worst of all forms of drama, from its shame and find a form worthy of its subject.

RELIGIOUS DRAMA IN A WESSEX DIOCESE THE CHICHESTER EXPERIMENT

One other field is opening to view. There is a welcome for morality or mystical plays, well done by a small travelling company and needing no setting or effects, to be played in place of the sermon at a church service. Such a presentation, especially in an out-of-the-way place, has an enlivening effect most necessary to church life ; for we must realise that the most vivid impression in the mind of a modern countryman is no longer of his parish church at harvest festival but of a wedding in a Hollywood 'Cathedral' on the screen. To speak by means of plays is to speak in the current phraseology of our day ; if the church service can occasionally so speak, and yet not lose its dignity, a great gain will result. Such work needs expert handling, but it is worth the attention of the expert.

With so many roads of advance, there is surely great hope for the venture. The value of religious drama to the Church may be almost infinite. It will ultimately be conditioned by the willingness of artists of the theatre to offer their services to the Church, and by the ability of the Church to assimilate them. Courage with wisdom will be needed here, to give scope to the creators while preserving the heritage bequeathed by their forbears. We may confidently hope that these qualities will not be lacking, and that the Mother who has numbered so many artists among her faithful servants through the ages, will have full use for the practitioners of the art whose spiritual light illuminates human living, declaring in acted form the glory of God.

E. MARTIN BROWNE.

IDEA

by R. J. D. BELGRAVE

THE Earth, I think,
Goes bathing, fair,
Not in cool streams
With thymy brink
But moonlight clear—
That pool of dreams.
And here she lies
In silver'd light ;
And her sad sighs,
All through the day,
For Man's poor plight
Are wash'd away.

THE SUBURBIAD

A Satire in the *Augustan* Manner

by V. DE SOLA PINTO

Babylon sinned of old against the Lord
With gusto; *Rome* and *Florence* stabb'd and whor'd,
And *Paris* has committed every crime
That can be told in verse or sung in rime.
But *Hampstead's* practically abolisht vice:
Killing's *bad form*, and rape is hardly *nice*.
Why keep police? To guard our skins and gold.
The traffic and the poor must be controll'd.
If unprotected from the folk they fleece,
How could our Merchant Princes lie in peace?
And, if uncheckt the cyclist's furious force,
The wild pedestrian and the dangerous horse,
Over our crowded highways were to roam,
How could our sumptuous *Daimler* safely waft us home?

In those old barbarous days ere the Machine
Had conquered Mind, while England still was green,
With roads unscented yet by petrol reek,
Hamlets uncheer'd by motor coaches' shriek,
Meadows unbeautiful by boards that shout
Of *Motor Spirit*, *Liver Pills* and *Stout*.
Before the *Phons*, the *Talkies* and the *Tote*,
The Labour Government and the Flapper Vote,
Upon a hill an ancient village stood
Girt by rich meadows and fair belts of wood.
Above the huge swarming City's reek and roar;
And this was *Hampstead*. Rumbling coaches bore
Thither stout cits upon a holiday.
To breathe pure air and scent of new mown hay;
Thither the poets and the painters came
Fair souls aglow with beauty's holy flame;
Thither came *Blake* girt by a spirit train,
There *Constable* found beauty in sun and in rain.
Leigh Hunt of his belov'd Italians dream'd,

THE SUBURBIAD

And *Shelley* of liberty and mankind redeem'd,
And in *Well Walk* one magic night of June,
Keats heard his Nightingale beneath the moon.
Ev'n I the child of this late age have seen,
The hawthorn hedge in bloom at *Golders' Green*,
Picknickt by *Hendon Lane*, remember still
The days when there were green fields at *Child's Hill*.
The march of Progress is a monstrous thing,
It pays no heed to prophet, priest or king,
Against this rage, what is poor Beauty's power
Whose 'action is no stronger than a flower' ?¹
From the mysterious heaven of high finance
Where we poor marionettes are made to dance
To tunes call'd by the men who know (and pay),
On some far-off august Victorian day
Issued the stern decree : beneath these skies
The most suburban suburb shall arise.

Dear Fields of *Hampstead* where breast deep of old
I waded through your buttercup sea of gold :
Great Oaks and Elms beneath whose shade I lay
Dreaming through many a lazy summer day,
My *Shelley* or my *Swinburne* by my side,
When every morning was a shining bride,
And every night a dark mysterious queen
With starry diadem, moon brow'd and serene,
Your turn had come : almighty Money spoke
In accents that no mortal can revoke.
You vanisht ; in your place street after street
Of eligible villas rose complete
With all conveniences, and some were great,
Where City Baronets kept their vulgar state,
And some were small, but on each one you'll find
The hall-mark of the great suburban mind.
Each chimney piece with photographs is crown'd,
The Tantalus on each sideboard is found,
In each bedroom the fum'd oak suite appears,
In every dining-room the silken chandeliers,
The bees' wax shines on every parquet floor

¹Shakespeare, Sonnet lkv.

WESSEX

The white capp'd parlour maid answers each door,
Loudly the radio set each night proclaims
The weather, news and scores of various games
(Switcht off at once when learned lecturers start
Ten minute talks on Literature or Art).
You'll find few books ; what need of learning's fruits,
When all the latest fiction is supply'd by *Boots*?
So Man has conquer'd Nature and replaced
Her chaos by his Order, Intellect and Taste.

I see my friend Sir *Isaac Goldberg* glide
Down *Finchley Road*, his lady by his side.
Out of the depth of their soft cushion'd car,
Gleams the red fragrant end of his cigar,
And on her wrinkled sallow bosom gleam,
Diamonds beyond a housemaid's wildest dream.
Then I look down the vista of the ages,
Behold Bards, Prophets, Thinkers, Kings and Sages.
Homer has sung and *Alexander* fought,
Phidias carv'd and *Aristotle* taught,
Luini painted dreams of flowerlike grace
And *Rembrandt* shown the majesty of the human face.
Shakespeare created a new golden world,
Beethoven his great banner of sound unfurl'd,
Newton has weigh'd the stars, *Darwin* reveal'd
The alchymy of the life of forest and field,
St. Paul, *St. Francis*, *Luther*, *Wesley* preacht,
And now the consummation has been reacht :
Rachel has pluckt her eyebrows, cropt her hair,
And bought expensive silken underwear,
Drinks daily cocktails, powders her large nose,
And tints her wither'd cheeks *couleur de rose*,
While *Isaac* dines with ponderous fellow-bores,
Talks knowingly of teams and Test Match scores,
And plays atrocious golf in hideous plus fours.

In optimistic moods it seems to me
That *Hamptstead* is the world's epitome.
A Vision Splendid dawns upon my soul
Of one vast Suburb stretcht from pole to pole !
Peruvians shall peruse the *Daily Mail*,

THE SUBURBIAD

Negresses scramble at the Great White Sale,
The coffee-coloured children of *Mabound*
Be whirl'd to business by the Underground,
And dusky maidens of the Bedaween
Dote on the latest hero of the screen.
On Art and Science let the curtain fall :
Bridge, Golf and Cross Word Puzzles shall be all in all.



A MIDNIGHT DRIVE

To F. M.

by A. ROMNEY GREEN

Our hooker's moor'd, her good brown sails are stow'd,
The Golden Lion's closed, we take the road :
Beauty and Youth, the Poet and I, we four,
Launch'd on the night at fifty miles an hour.
Youth at the wheel, we beg he'll bear in mind
How fine a freight is whistling in the wind,
But no less hungrily that shaft of light
Parts the dark hedgerows and devours the night.
Red lights ahead interminably burn
And flee, though each is over-haul'd in turn.
The wily scamp, see how he bides his time,
And cunningly contrives the rush sublime !
The moment is not yet—the moment's come—
The accelerating roar, the settled hum—
And we resume this insalubrious dream
Another boat's length further up the stream.
And what swift phantoms, what varieties
Of hard-bit sportsmen or scared novices,
White arms and flannell'd legs of lad and lass,
Or shapes of muffled middle age, we pass,
How vivid in that momentary glare,

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How quickly swallow'd, as by black despair,
In the dark night that follows on our track,
Two points of light against the silver black.
And now red lights are thicker and more red,
A whole red battery of lights ahead.
The road is up : Go easy here, we pray :
O Youth, observe the strait and narrow way !
Thank God, he's let the car that's outward bound
Go clear by inches : past the lighted mound
We glide secure, and leap into the wake
Of that next car he's sworn to overtake.
But gladly now we are resign'd to feel
Faith in the nerves, that rule the pulse, of steel ;
Ay, and to feel this man-made gale at play,
After the labours of the flaming day,
Through button'd coats the rushing bath, and through
Such rich, or scanty, locks the long shampoo ;
Whilst the dark elms are sleeping overhead,
White wisps of mist as moveless as the dead,
And nothing doing in our strong search-light
But points of red approaching, points of white
Receding in the distance—evermore
The settled hum, the accelerating roar.
Through one old city, many a country town,
Perforce at many a signpost, he slows down :
Through the suburban labyrinth perforce
Lamp-lit, belated, cockneys of his course
Enquires ; obedient to the white-gloved hand
Slows down, or comes to some impatient stand.
Nevertheless he's brought the precious four
From Orwell stream at thirty miles an hour
To the west centre.

So we come
From such a craft to such a home,
So bravely driven that in my eyes
Youth, beauty, genius, may suffice
To sanctify the unholy thing,
I've therefore taken leave to sing.

VIRGIL

Based on a lecture delivered to the Southampton Branch of the Classical Association

PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO¹ was born near Mantua in the year 70 B.C., so that he was just twenty-six at the time of Caesar's murder. His origin, like that of Horace, was of a humble sort; but his parents were not so poor that they could not afford to give him the best education then available. He was sent to school first at Cremona, and afterwards at Milan, and when he was seventeen went on to Rome, there to study rhetoric and philosophy. In all likelihood he was an earnest student, and, like his friend and contemporary Horace, started his intellectual career as an Epicurean, though—again like Horace—his Epicureanism fell from him as the years went on, and the attractions of Stoicism exercised their influence upon the poet. He returned from the capital after a University training, and spent a good part of the next ten years of his life in his father's home; wherein he resembled Milton, who, after leaving Cambridge, went to reside with his father in the little village of Horton, there to study and strictly to meditate the thankless Muse. We should like to know more of his everyday life; but our knowledge is all but 'nil', though we may let our imagination play about the scenes where, by the banks of the Mincius, he rambled and read and thought. A born poet, with all a poet's sensitiveness to the outward aspects of nature and with a scholar's sensitiveness to the literary associations brought home to him by a study of the Greek classics, he thought deeply on 'man, on nature, and on human life'. Very little of his early efforts in verse has survived, yet enough, perhaps, to show the bent of his genius. One poem in particular stands out, and I shall give it here, because it is a faithful index of his interests and his ambitions. When he wrote it, is quite unknown; but I should judge that it was a sort of vacation exercise, written perhaps at Rome, and revealing the influence of Catullus, just as some of Milton's early verse shows the influence of Spenser. In this short poem Virgil announces his intention to forsake the study of rhetoric, and even poetry, for the philosophy of the celebrated Epicurean lecturer Siron.

¹ In this little appreciation of Virgil, some quotations have been given without the usual quotation marks. But it should be borne in mind that, when originally written, it was never intended to be printed at all, but to be delivered as a lecture. *Lector benevole, velim mihi ignoscas.*

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Ite hinc inanes, ite rhaetorum ampullae,
 Inflata rore non Achaico verba ;
 Et vos, Stiloque Tarquitique Varroque,
 Scholasticorum natio madens pingui ;
 Ite hinc, inane cymbalon juventutis.
 Tuque, o mearum¹ cura, Sexte, curarum
 Vale, Sabine ; jam valete, formosi.
 Nos ad beatos vela mittimus portus,
 Magni petentes docta dicta Sironis,
 Vitamque ab omni vindicabimus cura.
 Ite hinc, Camenae ; vos quoque ite jam, sanc
 Dulces Camenae ; (nam fatebimur verum,
 Dulces fuistis) ; et tamen meas cartas
 Revisitote—sed pudenter et raro.

There came a time when it seemed as if our gentle and retiring poet might have been sorely tried. After the battle of Philippi, the triumvirs felt obliged to fulfil their promises to the now disbanded soldiers that had fought in their cause, by establishing them on farms. In order to do so, the holders of estates would have to be deprived of their possessions ; and what more natural than to confiscate territories in those districts which had supported the beaten side ? Cremona, among other places, was marked out for spoliation, and Virgil's farm was scheduled as being within the doomed district. Fortunately the poet had influential friends, who could and did plead his cause with Octavian—now the ruler of Italy—and Virgil was reinstated. In the ninth Eclogue he laments his expulsion from his property ; but in the first he tells us how he has been restored to it. This proves that the ten Pastorals (or Eclogues) were not written in the order in which they appeared when collected into a single volume. This event—the threatened expulsion from his ancestral estate—in the end proved a blessing in disguise ; it brought him into touch with Octavian, and he became introduced to that patron of poets, Maecenas, whose official position as Home Secretary in the new Government enabled him to make the poet acquainted with the literary circle at Rome which revolved round the man who was to become, shortly afterwards, the Emperor or Emperor. Altogether about six years were spent by Virgil in writing his ten Pastorals. That they were called ' Eclogues ' (= selections) seems to imply that he wrote a good many other poems of that kind beside the ten we possess ; but, fastidious and scrupulous as he was, his ever-maturing taste did not suffer him to publish all he had written : he ' selected ' from his manuscripts those that satisfied him best, and destroyed the remainder. Wise poet ! *o si sic omnes.*

¹ *causa, alii.* Heinsius conjectures this line ran thus : tuque, o mearum cura, Sexte, *Musarum.*

VIRGIL

Even as it is, not a few poems ascribed to Virgil have survived¹, and one of these (perhaps the best) I have already given; but probably he never intended that they should survive. They may have circulated among his friends, in the old undergraduate days, and been copied and so passed from hand to hand; but he never published them: he knew better. And it is significant that in his Will he directed that his literary executors should republish nothing of his that he had not already published, or, as we might say now, 'passed for press'. This he did, in the main, to prevent the *Aeneid*, which he left unfinished, from getting into circulation; but his wishes, on this point, were fortunately disregarded.

What are these Pastorals? The majority take the form of dialogues, and are obviously imitated from Theocritus. So closely does he copy his model that he even transplants the scenery of Sicily, employed by Theocritus, to his own pastoral dreamland, which would otherwise appear to be localized somewhere in the vicinity of his native Mantua. But, mingled with the scenery of Sicily, which ill sorts with that of Mantua, are recollections of scenes which he knew and loved in South Italy, for he lived there for some time after he had been restored to his ancestral estates. We must not dwell too much on the scenery of the Pastorals; Virgil sees nature, not face to face, nor yet wholly through the spectacles of literature, but through a film of exquisite phraseology; his scenery is altogether ideal and eclectic, like that of Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. There is much that is immature about the Eclogues, but from time to time surges that Virgilian cry, 'the sense of tears in human things'. Conventional, imitative, they may be and are; but those ten pastoral idylls disclose the mystery of Virgil's 'curiosa felicitas' of diction, that specific charm of which he alone had the secret. And there is, too, a new method in their cadences which (as Mackail remarks) almost amount to a new human language, especially where (as in the celebrated 4th Eclogue—the 'Pollio' as it is called) he breaks away most clearly from mere subservience to a Greek original. I should be inclined to put this poem somewhat late in the series, though it was certainly written some months, at any rate, before the 1st Eclogue, which serves as an introduction to the collection. It is not the greatest piece in his writings, but its place in literary history is almost if not quite unique. It is the nearest approach to Jewish Apocalyptic to be found in classical authors. It is to this poem that Virgil owes his position as, *par excellence*, the poet and seer of Medieval Europe. It takes the form of a prophecy speaking of the approaching birth of one who should

¹ Among them the *Culex*. It is more or less familiar to English readers, because Spenser translated it ("Virgil's Gnat").

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become the regenerator of the world, a world freed from war and rumours of war, when the earth would bear fruit of itself, and human sorrows pass away in the light of some august transfiguration. Some of its sentences recall the great prophecies of Isaiah himself, and the Fathers of the Church saw here an echo of the Messianic tradition. It is indeed just possible that faint rumours may have reached Virgil of those sublime words of the Hebrew seer, who, with inspired forecast, beheld the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be, when the wilderness and the solitary place should be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose. We cannot tell. But that such a belief—call it an idle fancy, if you will—did indeed persist is not to be challenged; and later writers and teachers love to dwell on the idea that to Virgil was indeed vouchsafed some forward-glancing fancy that the world's redemption was drawing nigh, and that a little child should lead the nations into the joy and glory of a new age not of gold but of righteousness and of peace. It was not for nothing that Augustine, in that strangely beautiful and introspective book of his, *The Confessions*, spoke of the Roman poet with a tenderness lavished by him on no other pagan writer; that again and again he quoted passages and pathetic half lines in his great treatise, *De Civitate Dei*; that a hymn in honour of St. Paul, which continued to be sung at Mantua down (well nigh) to the time of the Reformation, included this stanza:

Ad Maronis mausoleum
Ductus fudit super eum
Piae rorem lacrimae;
Quem te, inquit, reddidissem
Si te vivum invenissem,
Poetarum maxime.

When to Maro's tomb they brought him,
Tender grief and pity wrought him
To bedew the stone with tears;
'What a Saint I might have crowned thee
Had I only living found thee,
Poet first and without peers!'

(J. A. SYMONDS.)

It was not for nothing that Dante himself, the supreme poet of Italy and one of the constellated glories of all time, should have chosen the gentle meditative Virgil to be his leading lord and master in that dread journey through the *Inferno*, ay and through the greater part of the *Purgatorio*. In the old mystery plays, Virgil, with the Sibyl herself, appeared as joint

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witnesses to the Incarnation. And we may note it as a strange circumstance that the Middle Ages while they glorified Virgil into a saint degraded him into a wizard. Can we account for this? Perhaps so. In the life of the poet prefixed to the commentary of Valerius Probus, we are told that his mother's name was *Magia*; what more natural, if philologically foolish, than to seize upon that ill-omened word and devise the legend which made Virgil himself a *magus* or a wizard?

Such was the admiration Virgil inspired that the gift of prediction was bestowed on him, as if in his poems there dwelt some magic capable of resolving every question.¹ Hence the examples we meet of people consulting the *Sortes Virgilianae*—a practice common in the ancient world and not wholly extinct to-day. There is a very interesting chapter in *Rabelais* (iii. 10) in which this subject is handled, and instances given. In modern times one of the most famous examples of consulting the *Sortes* was on the occasion of a visit by Charles I to Oxford. On being shown a magnificently printed copy of Virgil, the King was asked to make trial of his fortune by dipping, haphazard, into the volume and putting his finger on the first passage that met his eye. The passage lighted upon was indeed like a forecast of doom, and it was remarked that the King was much moved. With the *Sortes Virgilianae* as with the *Sortes Biblicae* (which, by the way, were used on a memorable occasion by the great Augustine, the fifteenth centenary of whose death we have been recently celebrating), Bacon's judgment on prophecy holds good: 'Men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss'.

The Pastorals give us a picture of Virgil not only as a poet but as a student. Tales of old mythology, places famous in song, acted on his imagination, just as they acted on the imagination of Milton, the most learned of our poets. Something that he had seen in books, something that he had heard in legend, some local story, would affect him through his imaginative faculty, and by some subtle alchemy, he would transmute these things into the gold of perfect speech. Borrow he did—he was dubbed plagiarist even in his lifetime—but he was never content merely to be a borrower: he *transmuted* rather than *transmitted*. And what a spell he could cast upon the commonest things, when his genius caught fire! Some common, some trivial incident in the daily round of rustic existence: his visionary power would seize hold of it, and in his mind the thing would assume a larger, more transcendental, existence; there would emerge, in

¹ For the various strange legends that clustered round Virgil in the Middle Ages, see, of course, Comparetti's elaborate work. The ancient commentators on Virgil are fully dealt with in Nettleship's *Excursus* to vol. I. of Conington's edition (ed. 4: 1881).

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the cameo he wrought, aspects of the ampler life of Nature or of Man, not 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought' but suffused with that contemplative insight into the mystery of the world and its problems which found final utterance in 'the elected and predestined phrase' which has rung through the centuries like the far-off sound of a silver bell. The Eclogues are full of such pictures, are full of such tones as the poet drew from the depths of his own rich sympathy and experience. 'In Virgil the world of nature finds fuller and more frequent expression even than in Lucretius. Birds—beasts—flowers, all appealed to his quiet meditative mood, suffused as it was with sympathy. And that was one reason why he was enabled to give to the hard precise legal Latin its vocabulary of emotion'.

Let me take a brief passage (it is but five lines) to illustrate what I mean : it comes in the 8th Pastoral :

Saepibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala
(dux ego vester eram) vidi cum matre legentem ;
alter ab undecimo tum me jam acceperat annus :
jam fragiles poteram ab terra contingere ramos.
ut vidi, ut perii : ut me malus abstulit error !

Voltaire, followed by Macaulay, called these lines the most beautiful in all Virgil. I should hardly like to go so far as that ; yet how instinct they are with a grace defying definition, a charm and tenderness reaching out beyond the words in which the simple incident is enshrined !

Within our orchard garth I saw you first,
A tiny maid, plucking the dewy fruit—
There—with your mother (and I was your guide).
I was but twelve years old, could barely reach
From the ground those fragile boughs. But ah ! I saw
And loved you, by what fatal passion rapt.

Well, we can construe such lines, but translate them—never : take them out of their native idiom, and the magic vanishes into thin air.

We may pass on now to the Georgics, written at the suggestion of, and in honour of, Maecenas. There is no *direct* evidence to show when Virgil began this, his most faultless, work. We know that he read the four books to Augustus on his return to Italy after his settlement of the East ; and we are told by one of his biographers that he spent seven years over the poem ; this would give us the year 36 B.C. as the 'terminus a quo', and we may therefore fairly suppose that he set about his task very shortly

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after the publication of the Pastorals. How he actually composed the Georgics must always be open to conjecture, but it is more than likely that some passages were written independently of the context in which they now appear. For example, the introduction to the 1st and 3rd Georgics must clearly be assigned to the year 29; on the other hand the close of the 1st Georgic seems almost certainly to have been written soon after the battle of Philippi; it is full of grim forebodings, for the shadow of civil war lay dark over all the Italian fields. One is reminded of the second ode of Horace's first book, where the poet invokes Augustus—Octavian as he was then called—to save the tottering state from ruin. The ode and the closing lines of Virgil's first Georgic, then, may have been written about the same time. According to Virgil's own statement the first three Georgics were written, not in the neighbourhood of his old home, but somewhere near Naples in the new home he had secured for a chosen retirement. We do not possess the Georgics as they first appeared; what we have is a revised edition, and there seems no reason to doubt that Virgil made some corrections and additions when he re-issued his work. One thing seems certain: the close of the 4th Georgic is entirely different from the close as it appeared in the original draft, and the ancient commentator Servius tells us what that original ending was. It was a panegyric of his friend Gallus; but Gallus got mixed up with subversive movements in the political world, and ultimately committed suicide. Augustus, unwilling that Virgil's praise of the dead man should survive, requested him to write a new close.

Virgil, to vary Gibbon's famous words in a very different connexion, 'sighed as a lover, but obeyed as a—subject'. We have no reason to regret this, from the literary point of view, for the new ending contains the pathetic legend of Orpheus and Eurydice—surely the loveliest of all the poet's creations. You will call to mind this old story. Orpheus was a wondrous singer and musician, whose power was such that the very rocks and trees were stirred with movement by his melody. When his wife, the nymph Eurydice, died through a serpent's bite, the poet, agonized at her loss, went down into the underworld, and so moved the Queen of the Shades, Persephone, by his music, that she persuaded her husband Pluto to allow Orpheus to carry his wife back to the upper world—but on one condition; he must not turn to look upon her till they both emerged from the darkness and stood on mother-earth again. But his passion was so deep that he forgot this command, and, just as the lovers were within sight of the end of the passage, he looked back, and Eurydice vanished for ever.

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' Jamque vale ! feror ingenti circumdata nocte
Invalidasque tibi tendens (heu, non tua) palmas '
Dixit et ex oculis subito, ceu fumus in auras
Commixtus tenuis, fugit diversa, neque illum
Prensantem nequiquam umbras et multa volentem
Dicere, praeterea vidit.

One thinks of the exquisite close of Wordsworth's *Laodamia* ; but there the positions were reversed : it is the wife who is left, the husband who is hurried back to the shades of Erebus :

Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He thro' the portal takes his silent way,
And, on the palace floor, a lifeless corse she lay.

The story of Eurydice has been told often ; Boethius has allegorized it ; Milton refers to it ; but for mingled tenderness and beauty the tale, as told by the Roman poet, remains unapproached, perhaps unapproachable. ' Cor ad cor loquitur '.

Apart from his personal experience on the Mantuan farm, Virgil could never have written the *Georgics*, even though (as we are well aware) he devoted himself to a systematic study of Greek precursors in the same subject and style—Hesiod's *Works and Days* in particular. He had to bring to his exacting task not only a knowledge gathered out of books, but a knowledge won from practical acquaintance with out-of-door life in the country. Yet he gives us a great deal more than Hesiod, whose work is prosy—a catalogue forced into a verse mould. He preferred to brighten and enliven his subject with all sorts of matter—myth and history, geography and astronomy, even philosophy and religion being pressed into his service : these are deeply woven into the fabric of the *Georgics* with pleasant digressions, picturesque epithets, and delicately fashioned allusions. But above all he longed to rekindle in the hearts of his countrymen the ancestral love of husbandry, to direct their interests to the ' glorification of labour ' which, as Ruskin used to insist, was the true end of man. Virgil took his task seriously ; he was no trifler ; and he writes in poetry because that is his natural medium. The commonest things of every day pastoral life might be, he knew, dignified by noble language, or beautified by being given an imaginative setting. We may say of him that he was, in some sense, a pioneer who discovered the charm and the romance of Italy. He told men of a new experience of Nature—' Nature's self by all varieties of human life assisted '. Was not his native land written all over with the records of human love and of human helpfulness ? If, as some have declared, Lucretius was impressed with man's insignificance in the universe, and

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Horace with man's folly, Virgil was moved rather with a sense of man's grandeur and sanctity in the face of the mysteries of our common being. And this is what in the *Georgics*, and still more in the *Aeneid*, has endeared the poet to the general heart of humanity.

Virgil was never robust; he was obliged to live quietly, and in seclusion; but perhaps this made it the easier for him to give his work the slow elaboration that makes the *Georgics*, in point of technical finish, one of the most perfect products of literature. There is not a touch of impatience anywhere. His method has been described by one of the early biographers, and Tennyson was thinking of it when he spoke, in one of his later poems, of

Old Virgil who would write ten lines, they say,
At dawn, and lavish all the golden day
To make them wealthier in his readers' eyes.

In this he resembles Gray, the poet,

who on worn thoughts conferred
That second youth, the perfect word,
The elected and predestined phrase
That had lain bound, long nights and days,
To wear at last, when once set free
Immortal pellucidity.¹

As an example of the Virgilian touch, let us take the storm scene in the first *Georgic*:

Ipse Pater media nimborum in nocte corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra: quo maxima motu
Terra tremit; fugere ferae et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor. Ille flagranti
Aut Athos aut Rhodopen aut alta Ceraunia telo
Dejicit: ingeminant Austri et densissimus imber;
Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc litora plangunt.²

Observe the final word—'plangunt'—so un-English, so beautiful, so suggestive; and the enumeration of proper names, not chosen at random but chosen for their association value. This is a favourite device with Milton, e.g. *P.L.* I. 467.

¹ William Watson.

² The Sire himself amid the might of clouds
His bolts with flashing right hand wields: huge earth,
Touched with the motion, trembles; beasts have fled
And mortal hearts the world throughout have sunk
In prostrate palpitation. He, the while,
Or Athos or the peak of Rhodope
Or high Ceraunian hills with blazing dart
Down dashes: doubling come the winds, the rain
Comes massive; now the forests, now the shores
With the big beating of the storm-blast moan. (B. H. KENNEDY.)

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Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.

There is, we may well say, a fullness and selectiveness in Virgil's mind, which makes the words 'reverberate with infinite associations'.

Virgil lingers over rural scenes with more affection than any previous writer; yet most of his work was not composed in the depths of the country but in the neighbourhood of Naples, then as now a centre of fashionable resort. But he could indulge his reveries even there, calling up images of pasture land, of hills wooded to the summit, and of slow-moving streams—

Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros—

blending them too with recollections of old legend and long-forgotten lore, and beholding the movements of the outer world with 'that *inner* eye which is the bliss of solitude'. And over all there brooded something of a majestic sadness, something of that perplexity which was to haunt the heart of Marcus Antoninus, something of that doubt and misgiving which neither poetry nor philosophy can ever wholly dispel.

Before dealing with the *Aeneid*, which Virgil began almost immediately after completing the *Georgics*, let us for a moment consider the circumstances of that critical yet formative period in Roman history. The long political struggles of nearly a century were over. The victory of Actium had left Augustus undisputed master of the western world: 'magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo'. On the ruined structure of the old order a new order was to arise; and it was the deliberate intention of the young Emperor not merely to settle the constitution, but to inaugurate a great religious and moral reform. The sympathies of the poet were entirely with Augustus. His own profoundly religious spirit, imbued with the sense of a divine leading in human affairs, could not but be thrilled with the sense of the majesty of Rome; and he saw in Augustus, with his practical sagacity, the one man who could bring about the needed reformation and establish a firm and lasting peace. He had, long before, toyed with the idea of writing a poetic history of the times, but he felt unequal to the task. What he *did* achieve, in the *Aeneid*, was this: he took a passage of legendary history—for the story of the Trojan origin of the Roman commonwealth was as legendary as the story of King Arthur and the Round Table—and he used that old legend (all the better for being familiar to everyone) and made it the vehicle of a great moral suggestion. The wanderings of Aeneas are not of themselves of any special significance; it was what they symbolized that mainly mattered. Under the form of a prophecy the poet would set forth

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the history of the past, and unveil his boundless hopes for the future. The poet himself, in this memorable work, stands forth as the expression of an epoch. He meant to write his epic from a religious standpoint, even if, in so doing, he was bound to sacrifice, to some extent, its purely artistic effect. His patriotism, touched with a noble pride, is far more than the vulgar ambition for a widely extended empire; it burns with an almost consecrating light, for the action of the whole poem turns upon the divine will, slowly accomplished as it moves toward its appointed end.

Virgil does not begin his story with the fall of Troy; he shows us Aeneas and his band of refugees in their day of wandering, but with Italy, their goal, almost in sight. Then comes the wreck of the fleet, and the welcome of the shipwrecked crews by Queen Dido. The 2nd and 3rd books are taken up with the narrative of the Capture of Troy and the hero's seven years of wandering, a recital given by request of the Queen herself at the banquet held in honour of the strangers. The 4th book relates the love that sprang up between Dido and Aeneas, followed by his desertion of her at the bidding of the gods; and the book closes with her despair and suicide. The 5th book (inserted in this place, to give relief to the reader after the agonizing scenes at Dido's funeral pyre) tells of the funeral games celebrated in honour of Anchises, Aeneas's father, and the start afresh for Italy at their conclusion. Then comes the magnificent 6th book—the central point of the whole *Aeneid*, and perhaps the last written (at least in its present form)—describing the journey of Aeneas to the underworld, to visit his father. This gives the poet the chance for the splendid prophecy in which the future of Rome is laid bare in a series of kaleidoscopic visions. Here Virgil achieved a poetic success which is probably without peer in the annals of literature. Who can ever forget the note of assurance which thrills along the chords and vibrates for ever in the words where the poet sets forth the mission of Rome to the world?

Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera
(Credo equidem), vivos ducent de marmore vultus,
Orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus
Describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent:
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
Hæc tibi erunt artes: pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.¹

¹Some with more grace may mould the breathing brass,
Or wake to warmer life the living stone,
Plead at the bar with more prevailing force,
Map out the heaven and tell the rising stars.
Roman, be thine to sway the world with power!
These be thy sovran arts—to rule in peace,
To spare the weak, and subjugate the proud.

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After his return from the underworld, Aeneas, in accordance with the will of heaven, departs from Cumae and sails up the Tiber, to find himself in the kingdom of Latinus; he is introduced to that chieftain, who welcomes him as the oracles bade, and is promised the hand of his daughter Lavinia—already betrothed, or at least promised, to Turnus. We are next shown the gathering of the Italian clans to do war with the stranger, for Turnus is determined not to give up Lavinia without a desperate struggle. In the 8th book Aeneas seeks the help of Evander, whose home was on one of the seven hills of (what was afterwards) Rome. The contrast between the simple town of Evander and the splendours of the Rome that Virgil knew so well, is finely conceived. Evander promises his aid, and sends his young son Pallas to join forces with Aeneas, while, to make the Trojan hero invulnerable, he is provided with celestial armour. The sculptures on the shield, which the poet describes at length, recall the most famous events in Roman history, ending with the victory at Actium. In the next (the 9th) book we are presented with the gallant exploits and death of Nisus and Euryalus, the David and Jonathan of the *Aeneid*; not the least fine part is the pathetic lament of the mother of the younger of those two warriors. The 10th book leads us into the thick of the conflict between Aeneas and Turnus; but we weary of these battle scenes, in which the gentle poet imitated the Homeric battles yet without any real personal knowledge of what war meant; but the narrative is diversified by three famous episodes—the death of young Pallas (which Virgil speaks of in a moving and tender fashion); the slaying of Lausus by Aeneas when he strove to protect his wounded father, Mezentius; and the exploits of the warrior-maiden Camilla, the Joan of Arc of this part of the story. Then, in the 12th book, comes the pre-destined climax—the challenge of the chivalrous Turnus to fight Aeneas in single combat, in order to decide the issue of the war—and the final victory of Aeneas. The poem ends with the death of Turnus.

Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Forsaking the warm mansion where it dwelt,
And youth and bloom and this delightful world.

Such, in briefest outline, is the story of the *Aeneid*.

As a story it labours here and there under some disabilities. Apart from the inconsistencies and discrepancies observable in parts of the narrative, the tale of Aeneas strikes the attentive reader as lacking in certain architectonic qualities which are essential to a satisfactory story. This,

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perhaps, is due to the fact that it was written piecemeal, and not as a fully thought-out whole. The episodes in the poem, which are brilliant, to some extent overpower its unity. It is the work of a divided genius; perfect balance between the parts is not always sustained. Suetonius states that Virgil first drafted the poem in prose, and then wrote the parts in no definite order, just as the fancy took him; and this statement is borne out by internal evidence. The poet spent ten years, off and on, over his work, and left it unfinished. He never desired that it should be published; great artist that he was, he was painfully conscious—far more so than his readers were likely to be—of its inherent weaknesses; and it was his purpose, had he lived, to spend three strenuous years in bringing his roughed-out work into conformity with his own high ideal of what a national epic like the *Aeneid* should be. On his deathbed, Virgil begged his friends to bring him the manuscript of the incompleted poem, that he might burn it. *Dis aliter visum*: and it is fortunate for us that his wishes were disregarded. Furthermore, even in the finished portions—the great episodes like the last hours of Dido, or the story of Hercules and Cacus in the second half of the book—we are conscious that, with all Virgil's wonderful gifts, he lacked the radiance and the rapidity of Homer, whose poems he so lovingly followed. Nor, except in such episodes as I have named, has he the true dramatic instinct. There was a time, not too long ago, when disparaging criticisms could be, and were, made on Virgil: for example, his lack of originality.¹ Certainly there is an element of truth here: the *Pastorals* do reflect the Theocritus, the *Georgics* are reminiscent of Hesiod, the *Aeneid* is full of Homeric echoes. But, the more we note this, the more ready we ought to be to admit the essential individuality of the poet's own genius. He must have had something distinctive and original about him, or he could never have won the place in the world's regard which he *has* won. The batteries of German criticism have been levelled at his work, yet Virgil emerges all but unscathed from this critical ordeal. And the reason is not far to seek. First, it would have been impossible for Virgil to cast his epic in anything but an Homeric form. His natural ambition would be to reproduce that form in a Roman guise, and use the details of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, not indeed slavishly, but with an absorption of their essential character. Horace prides himself, not on his originality, but because he was the first to bring the lyric strains of Hellas into an Italian setting; and Lucretius praises Ennius because he first bore down from pleasant Helicon the wreath of immortality, to win fame in Italy.

¹ Since this lecture was written, Mackail's edition of the *Aeneid* has been published. To the Introduction in that volume the reader is referred: it is an exquisitely wrought piece of interpretative criticism.

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Secondly, if Virgil is (as his critics have insisted) artificial, so too was Homer, and that in a remarkable degree. 'A great part of the beauty of this world which touches and ennobles our lives is artificial beauty, or else natural beauty heightened by artifice; it is only when the artifice becomes apparent and attracts attention that we complain of it'. Yet why should we do so, as long as the artifice subserves deep and real human interests? Thirdly, the positive beauty of the poetry is so great, Virgil is so exquisite an artist in words, so technically felicitous in handling the hexameter, so masterly in the music which he draws from the complicated chords of his lyre, so full too of spontaneous sympathy for the weak or the miserable, that his work achieved a sustained perfection that few other poets have ever surpassed. He touches the springs of human feeling, of magnanimity and patience, of honour in life, and hope beyond the doors of death.

I have cited, as an example of the poet's verbal magic, the splendid storm scene in the *Georgics*; let me offer another example, almost equally felicitous, from the first *Aeneid*, where he is portraying to us his hero in all the beauty of a divine manhood:

Restitit Aeneas claraque in luce refulsit,
Os humerosque deo similis; namque ipsa decoram
Caesariem nato Genetrix lumenque juventae
Purpureum et lactos oculis afflarat honores:
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.¹

There is the sculptor's art exhibited in the medium of language. Or again, let us take the dying words of Dido, whose burning self-surrender to love's passion finds its end in that awful hour of disillusion when she knows that her lover has left her for ever.

'O relics dear while heaven and fate were kind,
Receive my spirit, free me from my grief!
I have lived my life, at length have run the course
Assigned by Time; and now beneath the earth
The mighty shadow of myself must pass.
My husband I avenged; I built—in vain!—
A noble city, gazed upon walls my own,
Too happy, ah! too happy, had the ships

¹ Aeneas stood revealed in radiant day,
In face and shoulders god-like; for on him
His mother shed the rosy light of youth,
Fair tresses, and the charm of happy eyes:
As when man's hand adds grace to ivory,
Or Parian marbles are encinct with gold.

—C. J. BILLSON.

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Of far-off Troy but never touched our shore'.
So spake the Queen; then pressed once more her lips
Upon the bed, and crying 'Must I die
Then unavenged? Yet, let me die. Ev'n so
I move toward the shadows, and am glad.
Only let him, my faithless lover, watch
This flame, and carry with him, ere he go,
The omen and the curse of Dido's death'.

Not here, indeed, the tumultuary splendours of Homer, but the last agonizing cry of a woman's heart, whose secret the poet, with exquisite insight, had discovered, and limned for ever on the pictured scroll of Time.

One of the greatest prose writers of the XIXth century, Cardinal Newman, has pointed to, as characteristic of Virgil's style, 'his single words and phrases, his pathetic half lines giving utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness yet hope of better things which is the experience of her children in every time'. Of this strange yet beautiful power no account can be given except that they make us feel, as scarcely any other words do, the mystery of life. As in some magic mirror they seem to catch a faint reflexion of that life beyond life, of the glory behind the gloom; and for an instant the unknown heavens open, and we gaze upon the ineffable brightness within. Only last year Europe was celebrating the 2,000th anniversary of Virgil's birth. Carry your eyes, for a brief while, over the vast space of time that has intervened since then, and you may well reflect on the changes and chances of this mortal life. The rise of the Roman monarchy, the advent of Christianity, the decline and fall of the Western Empire, the rush of the northern barbarians and the long night of the Dark Ages; the emergence of Islam; the Saracenic conquests with their incalculable results for mankind; the poetry, the pageantry, and the pain of the Medieval age; the close of the Eastern Empire, together with the Renaissance with all its splendour—and its shame; the Reformation, and the shattering of the old Catholicism; the invention of printing; the discovery of a New World; the works of men like Copernicus, Bacon, Newton, Darwin, which have so profoundly influenced the intellect of the world; the tragedy of the French Revolution (perhaps the most impressive event in modern history), followed by the Industrial Age—all these and many another thing have come to pass since, on that memorable October morning, 2,000 years ago, Virgil was born. And among all the great men that have been begotten since, who holds a

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securer place in the memory and affections of humanity than the gentle Virgil? Such is the mysterious and indomitable power of song.

The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer ;
Empire dissolve and peoples disappear :
Song passes not away.
Captains and Conquerors leave a little dust,
And Kings a dubious legend of their reign ;
The swords of Caesars, they are less than rust :
The Poet doth remain.

E. H. BLAKENEY.



ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

From the French of José-Maria de Hérédia

by R. A. HODGSON

FROM their high terrace they watched Egypt sleep
Beneath a stifling sky, and saw the tide
That cleaves the blackness of the Delta wide
Towards Bubastis or to Sais creep.

The Roman felt, beneath the cuirass deep,
Upon his swelling breast how swooned, how plied
The fervent body held against his side,
A child whose rest a captive's arms must keep.

She turns her face, between dark tresses pale,
To him whose senses at her perfumes fail,
Her mouth and eyes to offer him in fee.

And bent above her, in her clear large eye
All starred with gold, the Emperor descries
A flying fleet upon a waste of sea.

THE STUDENTS' UNION (1930-31)

A YEAR has passed since the last number of this volume was published, and once again we are faced with the task of compressing within the limits of one brief article all the assessable and unassessable results of the student's year of social activity.

Whatever considerations may have prompted our contemporaries to propose the theme of the failure of our modern university system we feel that the converse is true. For the Union the year has been an exceedingly happy one. Increase in numbers, which usually brings in its train the evil of the clique, has been extraordinarily helpful to us. It has made possible several new developments.

The Athletic Union has increased the number of its constituent clubs and could, indeed, find room for more but for the restriction of costs. Perhaps the only drawback has been the problem of accommodating the entire Union in the Assembly Hall for social functions. However, we content ourselves with the reflection that vigorous growth of any kind must, in the nature of the case, be accompanied by growing pains.

The life of the average student during term time is one of intense activity in every sphere, and the Autumn Term (1930) was no exception. November witnessed the culmination of the first stage in our student labour for local charity when we were able to endow a bed at the Royal South Hants and Southampton Hospital. A similar service was performed when the Carol Party raised a substantial sum for the Children's Hospital at Shirley.

Towards the end of the term the Stage Society produced A. A. Milne's *Dover Road* and played to crowded houses for half a week. This performance was followed by Gilbert and Sullivan's *Gondoliers* in the Lent Term, which was also a great success and was only made possible by considerable structural alterations to the stage. So warmly appreciative were the audiences that we should have liked to have prolonged the show into the succeeding week for all those who were unable to gain admittance on the opening nights of the performance.

For the Athletic Union this year the centre of anxiety as well as of interest has been the provision of accommodation on the playing fields, and now, at last, the Sports Pavilion stands completed. It is an excellently designed and commodious building, and the Union owes a great debt to the kind donor whose generosity has rendered its erection possible.

The Debating Society, though it seldom obtrudes itself upon us, is very much alive and has this session provided the material for two sensational debates—those of the Inter-Varsity and the Staff. Both were well supported and were stimulating to a remarkable degree.

The non-union societies appeal to a more limited audience, perhaps, but their success in matters of academic interest has been signal. This year the Inter-Varsity Geographical Association under the presidency of one of our own students elected to hold its annual congress at our School of Geography and its more formal deliberations were followed by pleasant excursions into the Wessex country. One non-union society seldom mentioned and sustained by the labours of a faithful few deserves more prominence than it usually gets—the League of Nations Society and Club of International Relations. Each year it bends itself to the difficult task of studying modern diplomacy and sends at least one member to Geneva.

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Perhaps the most valuable branch of our activity is our connection with the National Union of Students, which, by its system of tours and exchange visits tends to bring our members into touch with foreign students and does almost as much for the cause of world peace as any other known agency.

One aspiration has yet to be fulfilled namely the formation of a local branch of the Youth Hostels Association of Great Britain; the English equivalent of the Jugendherbergen movement on the Continent. It is our fervent hope that the near future will see this and our other ideals realised, not least among these the attainment to university status by this College. The implications are, we trust, obvious—our babe is a lusty one but like so many others requires careful nursing

E. G. PALMER.



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RABBINIC LITERATURE AND GOSPEL TEACHINGS by C. G. MONTEFIORE,
HON. D.LITT. (OXON) &c. . . Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 1930.

It is fitting that in a record of the year's activities of University College attention should be drawn to the fact that the President has placed all students of the New Testament under fresh obligation by his book bearing the above title. They will value it as notable supplement to Dr. Montefiore's two volumes on 'The Synoptic Gospels', a second edition of which was issued in 1927. No one is better qualified to expound the fascinating theme of the parallels of Rabbinic teaching corresponding with the sayings of Jesus recorded in the first Gospel; for the greater part of the book is concerned with Matthew, a gospel from the earliest times regarded as markedly Jewish in spirit and outlook in that it definitely emphasises the relation of the Christian message to the Old Testament. Luke is an equally important witness to the teaching of Jesus but has so much in common with Matthew that what is peculiar to him calls for the relatively briefer treatment it receives in this volume.

Of recent years New Testament commentators (A. H. McNeile on the *Gospel of St. Matthew* may be mentioned) have given increased attention to parallels in Rabbinic books: and the work of Dr. G. F. Moore *Judaism in the first Centuries of the Christian Era*, published in 1927, is of supreme value to the student. On a larger scale are the monumental volumes by the German scholars, Strack and Billerbeck, to whom Dr. Montefiore expresses his indebtedness, while he himself has rendered a great service to English readers by exploring this vast field for their benefit and translating the Rabbinic citations from the originals and not from their German version. The author's standpoint is well-known: it is that of Liberal Judaism. His candour and impartiality in the expression of his judgments are beyond all praise. He is not always in agreement with his fellow-scholar, Mr. Herbert Loewe, Oxford Lecturer in Rabbinic Hebrew, who has made some valuable contributions to the book on several subjects under discussion. He criticises with equal discernment the conclusions of Christian scholars and the teaching of the Rabbis. If frequently he has occasion to dissent from Billerbeck's opinions when the latter upholds the superiority of the Gospel as compared with the corresponding position of the Rabbis, he frankly acknowledges the greatness of the teaching of Jesus

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in many passages to which Rabbinic literature can offer no parallel. Such tolerance of outlook leads us the more readily to admit that if ever we were tempted to depreciate the views of Jewish exegetes and scholars, we can do so no longer without disloyalty to that universalist attitude or temper which all interested in moral and religious thought should cultivate. Even if the development of Rabbinic ethical and religious learning is posterior to the Gospels and the first century, owing nothing to writings regarded as heretical, its very independence is a fact of real importance in estimating the true character of Judaic faith and practice. The reader of these pages who starts with the idea that a sort of meticulous legalism is the chief feature of Rabbinic religion will certainly modify this view and receive a clearer understanding of the method and genial humanity of the Rabbis as well as of the vitality of the system of belief and worship, of law and conduct from which Christianity took its beginning.

The author rightly indicates the contrast between Jesus who speaks as a teacher and prophet and the Rabbis who converse among themselves and therefore are placed at a certain disadvantage, when their casual utterances are compared with the public teaching of Jesus at his highest and best. On the other hand, there is considerable charm to those unfamiliar with this literature in the quaintness and naïveté of many of their sayings, while some of their beautiful stories are recorded by way of illustration. It is to be hoped that the suggestion hinted at by the author of forming a selection of these stories with the help of a trained Rabbinic scholar will be carried into effect, inasmuch as to the non-Jewish reader they will serve as an introduction to a fresh type of literature not less interesting because its setting is all its own.

To read the First Gospel with the help afforded by the Rabbinic parallels set forth by Dr. Montefiore and his comments thereon is to receive light from unfamiliar sources for estimating the extent to which the teaching of Jesus is a consummation of the Torah. Two considerable sections are concerned with central Christian teachings—on the love of enemies and the importance of doing (as compared with hearing). With regard to the latter it is shown that the Rabbinic antithesis is not between hearing and doing but between learning (study) and doing. When we take into account the Rabbinic stress on the study of the Torah, it is remarkable that doing is held to be more important. But the critic of Judaic legalism contends that the keeping of the law is regarded as an end in itself, that it led to self-righteousness, that it was in effect a religion of redemption by oneself and one's own power and so forth. Dr. Montefiore while admitting the originality of the teaching of Jesus which was prophetic and anti-ceremonial and that the Rabbis had a weak sense of the ideal 'becoming greater as you become more righteous' gives reasons for holding that the contrast between a religion of works and a religion of grace has been too sharply drawn and that while the legalism of the Rabbis would not have been accepted by Jesus, they were not poles asunder, 'in so far as God's grace and human effort and freedom of will and human weakness and human repentance and God's forgiveness were concerned'.

Equally discriminating and fair is the treatment of the love of enemies—a precept which Jesus was the first great Jewish teacher to propound, although the Rabbis on their own lines were to develop a similar benevolence which ruled out hatred in respect of personal wrongs. The Christian emphasis on the duty of forgiveness and universal love receives its full measure of acknowledgment as the crowning glory of the Christian ethic, although the author expresses the wish that there could be found in the life-story of Jesus a single incident in which Jesus actually performed a loving deed to one of his Rabbinic antagonists or enemies. Without urging the precariousness of the argument

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from silence or quoting the examples of his accessibility and courteous attitude to individual Rabbis or pleading the fact that the antagonism of the scribes and Pharisees reached its pitch only when he was a helpless prisoner, it may perhaps be allowable to suggest that the desire is fulfilled by what the author calls 'the noble and beautiful words' of the prayer 'Father, forgive them for they know not what they do'. He asks 'What corresponding picture taken from the martyrologies of the Rabbinic literature' have we to set by the picture of Jesus forgiving his enemies in his last hour? And rightly replies, 'There is none. . . . From time to time there have been examples in history—was not Nurse Cavell a most splendid instance,—when the words have borne fruit and been fulfilled in deed. And the world is going on. They may be fulfilled again'. This quotation may fitly close our notice of a profoundly instructive study whose learning is as remarkable as its sweet reasonableness.

R. MARTIN POPE.

ADVENTURE by MAJOR GENERAL J. B. SEELY. *Cassell & Co., Ltd.*, 1930. 21/-

Adventure by Major General Seely is one of the most arresting modern autobiographies we have read. It tells in a straightforward way the story of a most eventful life, and it is certainly well named. In his opening chapter, the author claims that his life 'has been shaped into a regular succession of adventure and escape', a statement which is amply justified by the recounting of thrilling adventures on land and sea, which adventures vary from a very narrow escape from death when several tons of cliff fell at Brooke, Isle of Wight, to the number of amazing experiences in the Great War.

The main interest of the book is to be found in a graphic account of the author's part in the Boer War and the Great War. The latter, of course, appeals to a wider audience, and Canada, as the late Lord Birkenhead said in his Preface, will never forget the way in which General Seely reveals the immeasurable service at several crucial points in the War performed by the Canadian regiments which he commanded. His intimate association with eminent leaders such as Lord Kitchener and General Botha greatly adds to the interest of the narrative, and we may note here the humorous anecdote told with evident enjoyment of how, during the Boer War, the author secured the services of two negro cooks already engaged for Lord Kitchener's service.

General Seely's view of war is clearly expressed in the chapters dealing with the Great War. Although an advocate of the League of Nations, he strongly objects to war being called sordid and brutalizing, claiming, that 'it is as ennobling to the combatants as it is demoralizing to the onlookers'. He vindicates this claim by recounting several stories of the individual heroism of men among all ranks in the Army whom he knew and admired. In his experience the most quiet and dreamy men were often the bravest.

Residents in the Isle of Wight have shown great interest in the earlier part of the book which contains a vivid account of the author's experience as a member of the Brooke Life-Boat Crew and the well-remembered time when Seely was the Island Member of Parliament.

General Seely's greatest quality as a narrator is the verve and gusto with which he relates his adventures. He has something of Hazlitt's strenuous enjoyment of life and his feeling that 'the fight's the thing'. He certainly makes the most of his very remarkable material, which, Lord Birkenhead claims, 'would not be out of place in the

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history of a modern Odysseus'. There is no false modesty about 'Adventure', and the author is certainly not sparing in his praise of others. He is possessed of a remarkable capacity both for leadership and friendship. Above all, perhaps, the book is valuable for its independence of opinion and fearless criticism of various political and military matters which reminds us of General Seely's predilection at one of his last election meetings in the Island—'Oh yes! Lloyd George will be glad to see me trotting into the House of Commons, but he will add—"enfant terrible!"'.

D. M. MARSHALL.

THE LATER YEARS OF THOMAS HARDY, 1892-1898 by FLORENCE EMILY HARDY. Macmillan & Co., 1930, 18s. net.

In this book Mrs. Hardy has completed the labour of love begun so notably in *The Early Life of Thomas Hardy*, which I had the honour of reviewing in the issue of *Wessex* for 1929. The two volumes now form a complete Life of the Author of the *Wessex Novels* and the *Dynasts*, and the whole work is certainly one of the best modern biographies of an English man of letters. The second volume is in every way worthy of its predecessor. Mrs. Hardy has continued to make use of her excellent method of citing Hardy's own words from his notebooks and letters as often as possible, and these fragments are always of immense psychological interest, and often of very high literary and philosophic value. Such jottings as the following may suggest the quality of these glimpses into one of the greatest minds of this century:—

'The best tragedy—highest tragedy in short—is that of the Worthy encompassed by the Inevitable. The tragedies of immoral and worthless people are not of the best'.

'A story must be exceptional enough to justify its telling. We tale-tellers are all Ancient Mariners, and none of us is warranted in stopping Wedding Guests (in other words, the hurrying public) unless he has something more unusual to relate than the ordinary experience of every average man and woman'.

'The whole secret of fiction and the drama—in the constructional part—lies in the adjustment of things unusual to things eternal and universal'.

'To-day has length, breadth, thickness, colour, smell, voice. As soon as it becomes yesterday it is a thin layer among many layers, without substance, colour or articulate sound'.

'Fifty meanings attach to the word "God" nowadays, the only reasonably meaning being the *Cause of Things*, whatever that cause may be. Thus no modern thinker can be an atheist in the modern sense, while all modern thinkers are atheists in the old exploded sense'.

'I hold that the mission of poetry is to record impressions not convictions. Wordsworth in his later writings fell into the error of recording the latter. So also did Tennyson, and so do many other poets when they grow old'.

These are only a few notes taken at random from this treasury of vivid and arresting ideas. It would be a mistake however, to suppose that the book is a mere anthology of Hardy's *obiter dicta et scripta*.

Mrs. Hardy's own work is a lucid and admirably constructed narrative written in a style which is at once distinguished and unassuming: The accounts of the genesis and reception of *Jude the Obscure* and the *Dynasts* for instance are notable, not only for the

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absorbing interest of the subject matter, but also for the fine judgement, the humour and the insight of the biographer. The treatment of the story of the burning of a copy of *Jude* by a contemporary prelate, too long unfortunately to quote here, is characteristic.

All lovers of Hardy will be especially grateful for the noble and touching account of the poet's death. It is a notable fact recorded with appropriate reverence and dignity, that the last expression on the face of the most tragic of all modern authors was one of 'radiant triumph such as imagination could never have conceived'. Sophocles, who, like Hardy, had seen deeply into the tragedy of human life was famed also for his tranquil and happy old age, and peaceful death. It is perhaps legitimate to hope that a last Moment of Vision was vouchsafed to the poet of the *Dynasts*, when he saw with the eye of the spirit the fulfilment of the dream of the Pities:

'Consciousness the Will informing till it fashion all things fair'.

V. DE SOLA PINTO.

A CIVIC SURVEY OF SOUTHAMPTON. General Editor: P. FORD, B.Sc. (Econ.), Head of the Department of Economics and Commerce, University College, Southampton. *Oxford University Press*, 1931. £1 1s. to subscribers.

Southampton has grown rapidly in the immediate past, is still growing, and expects to grow yet more rapidly in the immediate future. A comprehensive and detailed survey of the town's development and activities should enable the body of citizens to understand the past and to plan wisely and boldly for the future.

Such a survey is that undertaken by the Civic Society, with the support and co-operation of the Ordnance Survey and its staff. The beauty, clarity, and simplicity of the maps make an instantaneous statement of the general position, whatever the subject be. Each map is worthy of close study, for, besides the clear and concise presentment of the general facts, they contain a wealth of detail which enlarges and comments on the subjects dealt with in a manner not otherwise to be attained without many volumes. There are ten maps on a scale of two inches or of one-and-a-half inches to the mile, and there are many supplementary diagrams and half-tone illustrations.

Every aspect of the town's life, its physical position, its site, the sources of its water-supply, are treated in detail and, together with the maps, there is given a complete picture of the physical background upon which and in harmony with which healthy development must take place.

The chapters on 'History and Antiquities' and 'Land Utilization' are complementary to each other, and to the chapters and maps on the physical background. The former deals with the areal and historic growth of the town, and the latter shows in interesting detail to what use the citizens have put the land thus acquired. Southampton is shown as a town on a peninsula between two rivers with shores capable of development, but each on a different scale. Through its position on this peninsula, and through its enviable possession of numerous open spaces, it is a town with many nodal points and a well-marked suburban development, each suburb having a pronounced character of its own.

A chapter on the 'History and Development of the Docks' carries on this story of the physical background and the use that man can make of it. The story of the change from mudland uncovered at low tide, to deep-water channels and berths, is the true romance of Britain's premier passenger port—a romance which is still continuing in the reclamation of 400 acres of mudland for new docks, new lands, new roads and houses.

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Matters that impinge still more closely on the everyday life of the citizen are dealt with in the sections on economic conditions, on housing, on education, and on public enterprises. The occupational character of the town is analysed on a statistical basis, and this leads to the broader questions of the growth and distribution of Southampton's population.

From population interest naturally turns to housing. The development of the post-war situation in housing is traced, and the present problem is revealed by a number of diagrams that repay the closest study. Other factors which affect public health, such as parks and open spaces, and hospital accommodation in relation to the needs of the district, form a fitting complement.

No account of civic life would be complete to-day without reference to educational activities. While not behind the rest of the country in her elementary, secondary, and higher education, Southampton is shown to have some way yet to go in the kindred matter of library and museum facilities.

Public utility services are of the most varied description in modern society, and the gas, water, and electrical undertakings which supply the town are fully representative of this side of urban development. It is of interest to note that the Southampton electricity station will be one of the six serving the south-west of England under the scheme prepared by the Electricity Commissioners.

In conclusion, we may congratulate the Civic Society on an important and interesting contribution to social study, and the Ordnance Survey with the Oxford University Press on the very handsome format of this volume.

R. A. HODGSON.

F. C. MILLER.

ECONOMICS OF MODERN INDUSTRY: an Introduction for Business Students.
By PERCY FORD, B.Sc. (Econ.), Head of the Department of Economics and Commerce, University College, Southampton. (Pp. 248 + viii. Longmans, Green & Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

It is probably safe to say that, until the publication of Mr. Ford's book, there was no sound English text-book on economics written wholly for the 'young business men' whom the author has in mind. Elementary works in this subject by English writers fell into two main classes—text-books on economic theory treated on the lines laid down by the classical economists, and text-books for commercial students, which purported to deal with economics, but which misrepresented that study in various ways and degrees. The objective Mr. Ford aims at is a treatment of those questions which present themselves to the young man in business, in the light of modern economic thought. The scope and method of this book is therefore different from that of either of the two classes just described, and makes it rather comparable to some recent American studies.

As the prospective reader will encounter economic problems first in the business in which he earns his living, the first and largest section of the book deals with 'Factors of Industrial and Commercial Efficiency'. Part II is on 'Prices', and is followed by a brief survey of 'Marketing'. The next part, on 'Labour', gives an admirably succinct account of the wages-contract and its problems—in the reviewer's opinion, this is the best part of the book. Finally, 'The Economic Activities of the State' are discussed.

Acceptance of Mr. Ford's premise—that the business student will turn to economics as the matters he encounters in his daily work successively arouse his curiosity—makes

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criticism a task of detail. It was inevitable that an introduction at once so thorough and so extensive should have in places an air of compression; a second edition will give an opportunity of expansion, which will obviate this impression. On specific points, it may be remarked that (according to the Royal Commission on National Health Insurance) there is something to be said for the 'approved society' method of administration; while in his account of 'Unfair Practices' in retail competition, the author gives an impression darker than the present position in England would seem to warrant. The recent appearance of the 'cut price' shop, and some sides of the large chain-store's business, suggest that there is everywhere a limit beyond which even the most formidable of price-fixing schemes will be unable to impose its control on the market, without meeting the challenge of new competition brought into existence by the conditions which that control has itself created.

The book is excellently produced, and represents remarkable value at its modest price.

R. A. HODGSON.

SCIENCE IN EDUCATION: ITS AIMS AND METHODS. By HENRY H. CAWTHORNE. *Oxford University Press, London, 5s. net.*

The author is a recent addition to the staff of the Education Department of University College, Southampton, and for that reason alone, this volume will be of interest to readers of *Wessex*. But hospitality and curiosity are the least of its recommendations. The dedication—'To the child who is fast becoming the last concern in secondary education'—is arresting; and a preface to a volume on a pedagogical subject, which promises, 'to avoid as far as possible the quasi-philosophy and pseudo-psychology which have for so long been cited as stigmata of educational theory'—deserves encouragement and thanks.

Taking as his text the report on 'Natural Science in Education', issued by H.M. Stationery Office in 1918, Mr. Cawthorne divides his thesis into two parts, of which the first deals with the aims, and the latter with the methods of science teaching. For those who relish dogmatism, the first part may prove disappointing, for the writer is more concerned to weigh and find wanting prevalent claims for the inclusion of science teaching in the curriculum than to state a new gospel. But in Part II, where methods are discussed, it is obvious that the writer is not without a definite purpose, and one which is evidently founded on a definite theory, backed by an informed empiricism acquired in teaching science in a large secondary school in the north.

In subjects like classics and the formal treatment of science, which are difficult to justify on utilitarian grounds, it is usual to rely on some disciplinary theory. This is especially necessary in schools where a large number of the scholars will leave at sixteen. For those who will remain at school, or will possibly proceed to a university, a period of purely formal preparation is not out of place; it is utterly out of place for the others, unless we can accept the doctrine of transfer of training and feel assured that the arid routine has a generalized disciplinary value.

The discrediting of this comfortable refuge has been one of the most obvious services which experimental psychology has rendered education. It has been shown conclusively that there can be no automatic transfer of the results of training in one particular activity to another or for general use. That such transfer does take place under certain circumstances is obvious, and the further investigation as to what these

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conditions are, constitutes the complementary task which more recent psychological investigation has approached.

Mr. Cawthorne sums up very adequately the case against the formalists, and the advertisers of 'little books', who turn a dishonest penny by professing to train 'observation', 'reasoning', and 'attention', and all the numerous but illegitimate brood of 'faculties'.

The remaining fifty-six pages are devoted to various methodological approaches to the teaching of science. But teachers of other subjects, as well as those not technically known as educationalists—scoutmasters and guide captains in particular—will be stimulated by the insight and freedom which Mr. Cawthorne inspires as he explores and illustrates several avenues with enthusiasm and experience.

This book should prove of value and interest to students reading for a diploma in education, and also to all teachers who, in spite of tradition and the paralysis of examinations, still put the spirit before the letter. It is significantly dedicated.

G. C. DUDLEY.

THE FIGHTING KINGS OF WESSEX. A Gallery of Portraits, by G. P. BAKER.
London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. Pp. xvi + 304. Price 15s. net.

A famous scholar recently declared that Anglo-Saxon stock was rising. To some of us his remark seemed optimistic; but perhaps we may be allowed to regard the appearance of Mr. G. P. Baker's very handsome volume as some justification for the view that the study of Anglo-Saxon history is becoming a little more popular, and that others, as well as specialists, are beginning to see that Anglo-Saxon England has something of value to teach the world.

Mr. Baker's aim, as set forth in his preface, is to survey the last occasion on which civilization actually broke down. In a comparatively short book, he tells the story of how the old and powerful civilization of the Roman Empire vanished, and of how a new civilization began. His thesis is that 'The kingship of England is not an organ of the state, created by a pre-existent body-politic, to fulfil diverse functions of government, but is the original force which created the body-politic'.

Mr. Baker has written a book which is well worth reading, even where (as often) it evokes our opposition. The author links the offices of historian and publicist so admirably with the creative imagination of romance, that the result is that most of the portraits in Mr. Baker's gallery stand forth endowed with a certain freshness and originality of interpretation. Few of his readers can fail to be infected by Mr. Baker's enthusiasm for his thesis, and by his stimulating style: while even the assured certainty of his convictions on more hotly contested points of early Teutonic and British history will no doubt be welcomed at a time when 'I believe' has for the most part been replaced by 'one does feel'. Yet it may be right to add that the more intimate our acquaintance with the history of the period, the more profound will be our distrust of certain of the author's interpretations. For example, we know of no evidence whatever for the statement (p. 37) that the Teutonic kingship was evolved on the model of the Roman monarchy. We doubt very much whether the restoration of the vanished civilization of Roman Britain was a conscious factor in Alfred's policy: what Alfred was trying to restore and get back to was the ruined civilization of Anglo-Saxon England in the era of Theodore, Bede and Alcuin. It is a rather serious lacuna in a chapter on 'The Relations of Britain to Europe', that while we have more than enough on the Franks and Charles the Great,

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practically nothing should have been said, either of the part played by the missionaries of the Anglo-Saxon Church, in restoring the lost or weakened supremacy of the Roman See in Northern Europe, nor of the services rendered to the history of civilization by Ireland and Anglo-Saxon England in the transmission of the liberal arts and Graeco-Roman culture to the Carolingian Empire and the later Middle Ages.

We could have wished that, besides the admirable maps, index, and illustrations, it had been found possible to give a more detailed list of the author's authorities—not that Mr. Baker has neglected modern specialists, while showing a sturdy independence in accepting or rejecting their conclusions.

S. J. CRAWFORD.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN THOMAS HARDY'S WESSEX. By HERMANN LEA. (Macmillan & Co. 6s. net.)

Mr. Hermann Lea has done a very useful piece of work in his *Highways and Byways in Hardy's Wessex*, which appears in Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s pleasantly bound and produced 'Highways and Byways' Series.

It is a little book which will be welcome to the many lovers of Thomas Hardy's works, and will provide them with an excellent guide to the beautiful part of England which suggested the main features of the ideal Wessex of the great novels and poems. Mr. Lea has performed his task very thoroughly indeed. He devotes a chapter to each of the Wessex novels and collections of tales, and four to the poems and the Dynasts, and he succeeds in identifying nearly every place of importance which is mentioned by Hardy.

Thus, the literary pilgrim, with the help of this book, can have the pleasure of following Tess in her wanderings from the Blackmore Valley to Cranborne Chase, 'The Valley of Great Dairies', 'Flintcomb-Ash', and on to Bere Regis, Bournemouth, and finally to the last tragic scene at Winchester. He can go to Puddleton and see the places which suggested the chief scenes in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, including the very sheep-washing pool of the great pastoral scene of that novel, though not, alas, the Great Barn, which appears to have been imported from another part of Dorset. He can visit Great Fawley in Berkshire, and stand on the very spot where Jude gazed at the distant lights of Christminster or Oxford, and he can tramp over Egdon Heath with *The Return of the Native* in his pocket and learn something of the poetry of that lonely district that forms the background of the tragedy of Clym Yeobright and Eustacia Vye. In fact, the whole book suggests a series of delightful tours to lovers of Wessex novels and poems. It is admirably illustrated with 240 photographs taken by the author and an excellent sketch map.

V. DE SOLA PINTO.



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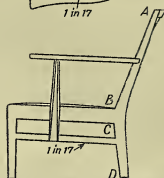
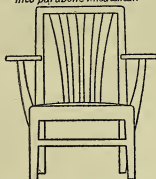
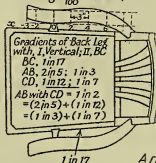
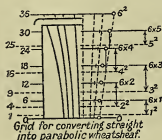
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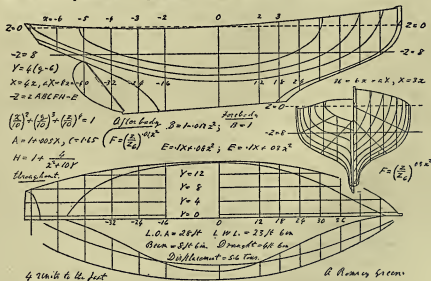
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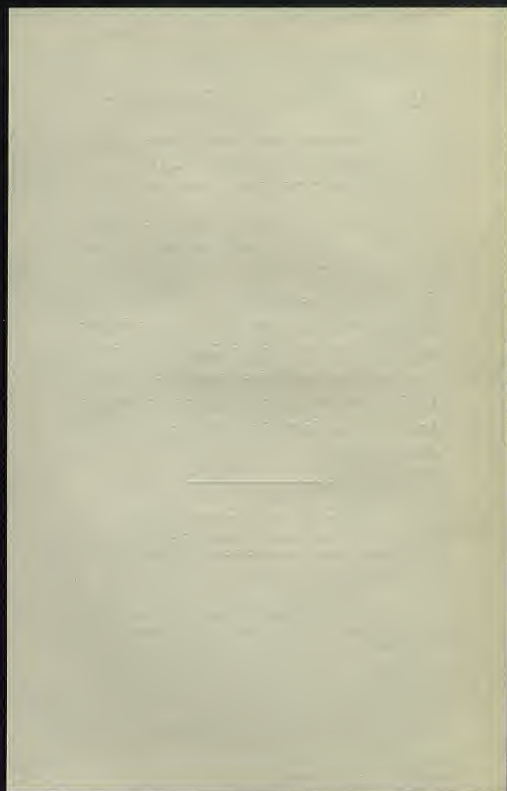
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WESSEX

An Annual Record of the Movement
for a University of Wessex
based on University College,
Southampton.

VOLUME II.

1931-33.

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